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ENDING
JAN. 10, 1931

5c

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

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Beginning **SILVER KNEES** *by* Robert W. Chambers

"CLEAR EVIDENCE"

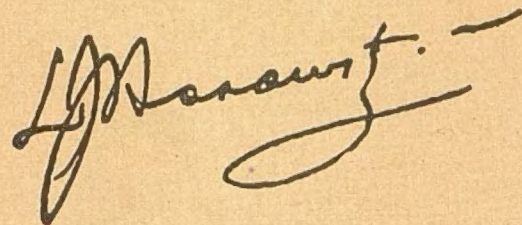
Says

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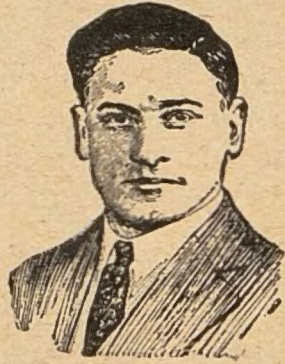
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JAN. 10,
1931

Liberty

*A Weekly for Everybody*VOL. 8,
No. 2

Editorial, Executive, and Advertising Offices:

220 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y. Telephone: Vanderbilt 3-6900.

Branch Offices—Chicago: Tribune Tower. Boston: Rice Building.

Detroit: General Motors Building. San Francisco: Kohl Building.

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Five cents a copy. By mail, \$2.50 a year in the United States, Canada, and Mexico. No subscriptions less than one year. Allow four weeks for change of address.

Address all communications to 220 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong." —Stephen Decatur.

THE ROUGH ROAD

In announcing the navy's new air policy Admiral William V. Pratt the other day unburdened himself of the following observation:

"The navy thoroughly understands that, under the guarantee of the Kellogg pact and in keeping with the government's long pursued policy, this country will never start an aggressive war."

If the admiral believes what he says, he is talking himself out of a job. Or at least apologizing for the one he has.

We rather suspect, however, that this bit of sanctimonious nonsense was designed primarily to please the gentleman in the White House. Way down in our heart we don't honestly think the admiral, who has been a fighting man for forty years, believes it is a "long pursued" American policy never to start an aggressive war.

Our very existence on the American continent rests on the fact that by force and chicane we chased the Indians out and occupied their land. And when you come right down to it, most of our wars have been offensive wars.

We took some colonies away from Great Britain in the Revolution, and our war with Mexico netted us about 700,000 square miles of new territory. In the Civil War there must have been an offensive side somewhere. You could hardly call the war with Spain a defensive war, and as for our declaration of war on Germany—well, Berlin had its own idea about that. We did fight a defensive war in 1812, and we got licked.

As a matter of fact, the most useful wars have always been offensive wars. Almost invariably they have advanced civilization.

Generally it has been true that the nation fittest to survive and succeed has been the one that was strongest in a military sense. This may not have applied always in art and literature, but it holds for science. Science and war have gone hand in hand.

It would be hard to deny that our wars with the Indians were good for the progress of civilization. So were the British wars with the Australian blackmen, perhaps the lowest type of humans, who were practically extirpated when the British came into Australia. Such extirpation, of course, is not always a matter of fighting. Sometimes it is partly a matter of diseases such as measles and poisons such as alcohol which the white man can stand and the black man cannot.

Where you have high and low pressures in civilization the high pressures crowd in upon the low, and the low give way. And the result in most cases is not extirpation at all, but benefit to all concerned.

In India the native population has trebled since the British went in, but if the British were not there, the suttee, the eternal local wars, and hideous oppression generally would still be prevailing. In other words, the British waged an unpardonable offensive war and brought benefit to India in doing so.

The bad wars are wars between equal states of civilization, such as the long series of wars back and forth between Germany and France. There has been no good result from these unless you count improvement in the military arts a good thing.

All this about offensive wars may sound as if we were trying to be rough and tough, but we're not. We are not advocating offensive wars. We are not being hard-boiled, nor are we saying anything new. We are just stating history.

Even H. G. Wells and Herbert Hoover would admit that these things have been so, and that it is well for the cause of human progress that they have.

There have been defensive wars no doubt in which the smaller nation or the one on the defensive has been right, but very often it has been true that it was better for the offense to succeed. It was much better, we maintain, that we stole, seized, and pirated our southwestern states from Mexico than if they had remained under the rule of the Diazes and the Villas.

That involves no new and radical doctrine. It is just applying to the affairs of nations the old principle of the survival of the fittest.

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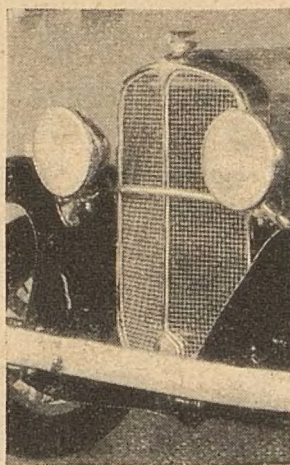
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MAKING
NEW FRIENDS
AND KEEPING
THE OLD

An Earnest Purpose, Earnestly Pursued

To make every car so sound and good that it will inevitably make a friend. . . . Such is the guiding spirit of the entire Oakland-Pontiac organization. . . . It is the spirit of the executives, of the engineers at their drawing boards, of Oakland-Pontiac sales and service representatives. . . . It is not a studied, artificial atmosphere, but the policy of men who sincerely prefer to serve well—who have



a model plant and unlimited resources to aid them—who believe in endowing their products with that extra goodness and reliability which are the real key to making new friends and keeping the old. . . . You will find pleasing evidence at your local dealer's of how fully the new Oakland and Pontiac cars reflect this spirit. He offers both Oakland, the fine Eight and Pontiac, the fine Six in six attractive Fisher body types and both cars at new low prices. Five wire wheels are now standard equipment.

OAKLAND 8



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**She thought:**

"You'll never be lucky in love until you end 'B. O.'"

Yet, to be polite,

She said:

"Your heart-line shows many difficulties ahead."

"Luck" was always against him ... until he ended 'B.O.'

(Body Odor)

SOMEONE else got the job he wanted. Someone else won the girl he admired. "Bad Luck", he called it. But the real reason was—body odor!

People hate to mention this distressing fault—even under the polite name, "B.O." But finally a close friend did tell him, suggested a simple safeguard. Today he is forging ahead in business—a favorite socially. "B.O." is no longer a fatal handicap.

• • •

Often we wonder why we don't succeed faster—make friends easier. "B.O." may be the unsuspected cause.

For everyone perspires. Science declares that even on cool days pores give off a quart of odor-causing waste. Unnoticed by us, because we soon become accustomed to it, this

ever-present odor may be a constant annoyance to others.

Don't take chances. Adopt the simple precaution of millions of particular men and women, and be *sure* of not offending. Wash and bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Its gentle, creamy, antiseptic lather purifies pores so deeply that "B.O." completely vanishes. And how gloriously fresh—how satisfyingly *clean* you feel!

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Clogged pores stifle complexion beauty. Lifebuoy's soothing, penetrating lather gently frees pores of impurities—makes dull skins bloom with healthy, youthful radiance. Its pleasant *extra-clean scent*—that vanishes as you rinse—tells you Lifebuoy *purifies*. Adopt Lifebuoy today.

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HEALTH SOAP

stops body odor—

*B*eginning a Novel of
Fighting Men and
a Girl Who
Lived for
Love—



She sipped her pulque, then tapped time to the music. "You wish to dance with me?" she asked absently.

Silver Knees

A Romance of the Rio Grande

(Reading time: 37 min. 30 sec.)

PART ONE—A GOOD DOG

THIS damned war with Mexico, which is going to overload us with empire when already we are top-heavy!

However, that's the business of Congress. Though from the time of its first establishment Congress has invariably and stupidly misled the Nation, misrepresented it, sacrificed it, and always has come to its senses too late. Too late for those who died of its blundering.

Is the United States already cracking in two? Will

By
ROBERT W. CHAMBERS



who studied art for seven years in Paris when he was young; exhibited in the Salon, and was well on his way toward a career as an artist when, in 1893, a novel he wrote was so successful that he changed his mind. He still finds keen delight, however, after he has written a new tale for Liberty, in going over the illustrations and discussing them with the artist. He lives at Broadalbin, New York.

Pictures by NORMAN PRICE

the South tumble one way into the Gulf, and the North the other way into the Great Lakes? Is that soft, black African streak to be our rotten line of cleavage? Is another war to follow this Mexican butchery, and our hands still wet with Mexican blood?

Whose blood next is to foul our fingers?

War? Did it really solve our problems with England? Or with those murderous, king-killing French? Or with the poor, cheated, swindled red devils we call "our Indians"?

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



She swam over to our boat, grasped it, flung one dazzling white knee over the gunwale.

SILVER KNEES
[Continued from page seven]

War with Mexico was utterly unnecessary. Texas always had been able to look after herself, even before we admitted her into our Republic. Mexico had to let her go. The episode was ended.

Why, then, did war begin?

I'll tell you: the instant you use the word "war" in conversation or in the newspapers you light a match. Talk is tinder. Windy words blow it to a blaze.

By and large, we Americans are not warlike. We are too busy. Mexicans are not aggressive. They are too polite. Where did this war start? Somebody meant to have a war. Who? Somewhere, in the background of things, there exists eternally a Sinister Intelligence. It always wants war. It always gets what it wants. It always will.

This Sinister Intelligence deals with the plain people the way that a mischievous boy deals with a setting hen. The naughty boy takes the stupid bird between both hands and swings her to and fro until she is dizzy. Then he sets her down and draws a chalk line, straight from the end of her silly beak, about twelve inches long. At the end of the line he writes the word "Fool."

The brainless bird looks at this line until she is cross-eyed. She cannot take her eyes from it; she can't even move her paralyzed head. She'll sit there ridicu-

lously, indefinitely, until picked up and put back on her nest, where presently she comes to with a bewildered, interrogative cluck.

From the composite nose of the Plain People the Sinister Intelligence draws a chalk line, and at the end of it writes the word "War."

And there sits the Public, looking down its common nose along the chalk line, stupefied, ridiculous, until the Sinister Intelligence sets it back on its composite nest, where presently it comes to with a bewildered cluck, squatting upon a china nest egg labeled "Debt."

WAR never solved anything except the proposition that it takes two fools to quarrel. War is the product of exhausted minds—of the intellectual argument that ends in "You're another!"

What discussion is patiently disentangling, war slashes in two. War never yet has unraveled any knot.

Is it unraveling this Mexican mess of ours? Is it going, some day, to solve our black-slave problem?

Damn war! To hell with war! I have a right to say it, who am a soldier. My father was a soldier; his father was one; and his. And I realize, now, that no human problem ever has been solved by soldiers.

Who wanted this war with Mexico? Nobody that anybody ever heard of. Nobody in the United States. Nobody



Her tawny hair, thick and drenched, blinding her, she shook her head free of it.

in Mexico. Nobody in Texas. Nobody wanted it; everybody was afraid of it; everybody talked about it. *That's* why it came.

When I say God damn war, that doesn't mean that I am a nonresistant, a pacifist, a turner of the other cheek. Because I'll hit back if I can—even hit first if I can. But I'd rather hit that Sinister Intelligence which created an enemy for me and which craftily coaxed us together, face to face.

There is the real enemy—the Contriver of Wars! The Whisperer of the Word.

Well, the world is very old and very stupid—forgetting nothing, learning nothing. And maybe the Sinister Intelligence is as deathless as Satan. *Quien sabe!* . . .

TAKE an ordinary man like myself. I was educated at West Point. When I graduated, there chanced to be no room in the army for me, so I went into business in New York City, translating the Scriptures and hymnals into foreign languages for a parcel of thrifty Methodists. Languages come very easy to me. I traveled in the West Indies, Mexico, and Central America, drumming up trade in Methodist hymnals and Bibles.

We are a psalm-singing and newspaper-reading nation. Like others, I read the papers and carelessly noted the slow progress of human affairs on earth. I read that

Texas, a Mexican department, had separated from Mexico, had become a republic, had hoisted a flag bearing a single star, had knocked at our door for admission as a state, had been admitted. Which naturally vexed Mexico; and her polite envoy left Washington, sadly, ceremoniously.

Somebody used the word "war." Then the newspapers used it every day. Then, month after month, year after year, but so gradually that everyday folk never realized what was happening, the little match flame flickered up brighter, crept through chaff and tinder, traveling, spreading, until there came a sudden puff of smoke and a flash of fire. And the newspapers told us that the United States was at the brink of a war with Mexico. Which scared Mr. Buchanan; but Mr. Polk, President of the United States, looked on with his tongue in his cheek. It is said he wanted war. God knows.

I don't recollect exactly how it happened—some sanctimonious old gander in the Bible-publishing house where I was employed in the department of foreign translations said to me that the New York Regiment already was recruiting in Grand Street, and he thought I'd better go to the barracks and try to sell them a lot of Bibles.

I stopped at the recruiting office on my way uptown to my Bleecker Street boarding house. Probably, being a

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West Point graduate, it was instinctive with me to offer to enlist. After all, my country had fed and educated me. Ex-war-dogs ought to lick the hand that once fed them. And I had been a war-pup, as I say. . . .

I drilled with a converted flintlock for a few weeks in my thick blue padded uniform, blue muffin cap, and heavy knapsack. I went about it like a decent man paying a debt. There never is anything else to do about a debt.

One evening, two regular officers—gentlemen—came from Governor's Island, inquiring for a linguist. My company commander produced me and bragged about my "edification." He was a cheap politician.

What was wanted of me by the two gentlemen of the regular army made no particular impression on me at the time—not even when I was sworn into the service of the United States with a captain's commission in the Military Intelligence Department.

It appeared, however, that I suited Government in every particular. I was slim, dark, agile, and my dark hair had a slight tendency to curl. I spoke Spanish, French, Italian, German, and had, for pleasure, studied some of the Gypsy dialects, after reading George Borrow's Bible in Spain. But it was not until I was on ship-board, bound for Corpus Christi, that I began to realize what really was going to be required of me.

And toward the end of December, 1846, reporting to General Taylor in Corpus Christi, I understood that I was now practically a superintendent of spies, and that my sole business was to gather information and forward it—and hang if discovered within Mexican lines.

Well, a decent dog, as I say, licks the hand that feeds it, whether or not he likes the flavor. Besides, I did not hate war then, because I knew nothing about it. My late father gloried in New Orleans; his father prattled of Yorktown. And his, of Sir William Johnson and Lake George. War, to me, was all stars and stripes, and Fourth-of-July fireworks, and the American commander in chief was the friendly God of Battle himself, a little resembling Uncle Sam.

II

IT was devilish hot in Corpus Christi, except when a norther set in. Large spiders, scorpions, buffalo gnats, and rattlesnakes roamed the camp. There was a mile of flimsy tents where one froze sometimes, and sometimes was parboiled in one's own sweat. The army had been here, vegetating, since last June.

Drinking water tasted brackish; there remained scarcely any firewood for camp fires; hospitals stank and were horribly crowded; discipline had become lax; the volunteers were devils. An idle army always sickens, morally and physically.

There were under canvas, when I arrived, the Third, Fourth, Fifth, Seventh, and Eighth regiments of United States regular infantry; the Second United States dragoons; the First and Third regular artillery with two field batteries; some noisy volunteer artillery from New Orleans; and a sullen, insubordinate battalion of hell-cats called Texas Rangers. I'll say this for them: they never ran; they lived to kill and died fighting.

General Taylor, the brave old gentleman who commanded us, knew little of the art of war. He was the sort of officer who despised "fuss and feathers." He looked like a country horse trader. He was fearless, ignorant, and kind. These characteristics of his sent many of his soldiers to unnecessary death.

His two brilliantly trained sons-in-law were prepared to save his reputation, however, and weave and adjust suitable laurels to his brainless brow: Bliss, his adjutant, and Jefferson Davis, colonel of a Mississippi regiment—the latter the knightly ideal of a soldier and a gentleman.

As for me, I had a thin, ragged tent to myself, and a collection of assorted Mexican and American ruffians under me to serve as spies, messengers, and slouching emissaries, whom I was obliged to trust, but who mostly could be bought and sold by anybody, and who, I suspected, were as dangerous to me as to the enemy upon whom they were hired to spy.

That, however, was my own funeral, as I had selected them. The spies I trusted more or less were Frank Haslett and Gordon Bruce, privates in the Texas Rangers: cruel, hard, remorseless men—like the majority of the Rangers—who regarded all Mexicans as mere lobos and coyotes. There was Dan Sleeney, a drifting ranch hand; José Escobar, a muleteer known as Hozy; Emilio Bandara, interpreter—a half-breed Jicarilla Apache; a Mistec Indian named Calixto, my personal servant; and one Pio Pacheco, generally called "Peep," a deserter from some ferocious Presidiale battalion—lithe, brown, handsome as a golden snake—and I never understood, at first, why I trusted him at all.

These—Haslett, Bruce, Bandara, Sleeney, Escobar, Calixto, and Pacheco—were on my pay roll. Other ruffians—white frontier scum, beach-combing derelicts, rancheros, and peons—I employed intermittently. A sorry company, uncertain as leopards. This was our Department of Military Intelligence. But the gallant old blockhead who commanded at Corpus Christi didn't seem to care whether he had any military intelligence at all. He left me to my own devices and resources, and let his bored and weary army sit in ignorance, idleness, and disease while he carelessly and affably waited to see what Mexico was going to do about it all.

ONE evening late in February, Bliss, in blue and gold, and all over aguiletas, came clanking into my tent. I was reading The Bible in Spain. I loved it.

"For God's sake," said he, "haven't you any orders at all, Captain Maddox?"

"None, sir."

"Have you heard anything?"

"Yes; I've heard that their handsome General Arista is to reënforce the garrison of Matamoras. Torrejon's cavalry may be there."

"Is it certain?"

"I don't know. Nobody seems to care, either."

"I wonder if you could send one or two of your scoundrels into Matamoras. We don't know what's happening in that city. Their General Ampudia, also, may be there with a big force. Mejia certainly remains there commanding the forts."

"Very well, sir," said I.

He asked me to walk over to headquarters with him. Captain Kirby Smith, Fifth Infantry, was there—a charming fellow.

The general, as always, proved affably conversational and good-natured.

"Why, yes," said he blandly; "go yourself, if you like, Captain Maddox. I'm sure I don't know what may be going on in Matamoras. Suppose you just run over yourself and find out?"

It was plain enough that he didn't care how many Mexicans were in Matamoras.

The old gentleman never had known the emotion of fear. His suggestion that I, personally, undertake this highly dangerous mission meant nothing in particular to him. He'd as soon have done it himself. He'd saunter into hell out of good-natured curiosity.

I told him dryly but respectfully that I'd go myself and learn what really was happening in Matamoras.

"So do," said he pleasantly.

Kirby Smith walked part way back to my tent with me.

"You'd better send in some of your Mexicans," he said. "Save yourself for more important work."

I felt like doing so. There was little satisfaction in risking one's neck for a casual old gentleman in a hickory shirt who didn't care for information, or give a damn whether the enemy outnumbered him or not.

I'd already been in the city. But I looked over my plan of Matamoras again for a few minutes, then sent an orderly to fetch Frank Haslett and Pio Pacheco.

Frank arrived first, and I told him to dress like a muleteer and go into Matamoras and find out what he could about General Torrejon's cavalry.

"I'm going in myself," I added, "with Peep. You can pick us up at that baile flamenco. If you miss us, come back and tell the general we've been hanged."

"Aw' right, Cap," he drawled.

"You've got money, Frank?"

"Yep, Cap."

"Let Gordon Bruce ride to the river with you and fetch back your horse to Palo Alto. All right, hit your trail."

As he slouched away, Peep came in gracefully, a dark young god in his rags, sombrero, and naked feet.

All his perfect teeth he showed to me with an agile bow which was partly a salute.

"We're going into Matamoras," I said. "José Escobar will ride to the river with us; fetch back our horses, and come again for us to the Palo Alto road. We pick up Frank Haslett at the baile flamenco—perhaps."

He flashed his smile at me: "As your honor pleases."

He went lightly away to summon José, saddle our horses, and cram a few provisions into saddlebags.

Stars were out and a stinging wind up when we rode out of camp. Alkali dust was flying; whiffs from latrine and mimosa in bloom alternated with sudden capricious gusts of sea wind.

We met Frank Haslett and Gordon Bruce on the road. It was a long, dusty journey. When in the chaparral we saw only deer and antelope and wild turkey, and once, in the mesquite, a painted Indian riding madly to get out of our way. Frank took a long shot at him.

The rural folk we encountered were simple, kindly, courteous, who saluted us politely and bade us go with God. We were dressed like them, looked like them; they took us for their own kind without further curiosity.

"Vaya con Dios!" they speeded us with grave politeness.

We saw no Mexican soldiers even at Point Isabel—Fortin de Santa Isabel, they called it, but there was no fort there; nothing at all excepting humble homes, a blaze of flowers, and gentle, kindly folk—muy humilde—and though Frank Haslett swore at one of them and called him a pooch, the man was more hurt than offended.

"Mind your tongue," I said to the brutal ranger. "You may need even a dog for a friend in this country." He swallowed the rebuke sullenly, glowering in silence. Peep, riding beside me, muttered, "Bobo."

"Where did you get that word?" I asked.

"A Gaja once called me that, Señor Captain."

"Are you a chal, then?"

"No, your honor. My mother was a busni."

"You are part Gypsy, then?"

"God knows, señor. . . . Your honor seems to rakker Romanes."

"I speak Gypsy, yes."

"Your honor is a rye?"

"A rye, yes—not sangre—not a Gypsy; a Gorgio and no calo."

"Tan bonita! You lo creo seño—I ask your honor's pardon for neglecting the modo correcto—but to hear the Kalo jib from so grand a caballero—Jesu!"



An Indian woman was calling, "Corn cakes hot from the oven, my dear!"

go in by Puertas Verdes, and keep a civil tongue in his head if he wished to avoid trouble.

He and Bruce gave me slovenly salutes and rode away on their jacas. They had the ignorant ferocity of tigers and I was afraid of what they might do in the city.

It was dawn and very hot when we came through Resaca de Guerrero to the river bank. José took our horses and turned back immediately into the chaparral, skirting the big swamp and pond to return by way of Los Tanques del Ramireño, to await us in the woods near the pond southwest of Palo Alto.

Now, as the rising sun flashed out over chaparral, swamp, pond, and desert plain, it brightened the spires and towers and roofs of the pretty city across the river, where already a faint smoke haze hung.

COUNTRY market-folk already were trooping toward town, passing us on their way to the ferry—brown-skinned, dusty, brilliant with blanket and handkerchief, basket-laden, talkative, courteous.

We could see a few soldiers across the river, idling about. Fishermen were putting out; bells tinkled from convent and church; a mule train

wandered out of the city, taking the road to Reinosá. God knows it was a peaceful scene in this lovely oasis on the Rio Grande—gentle people, just awakened by the glare of God's great lamp, going lazily and confidently about their homely tasks—

Washerwomen sauntering to the water's edge; children, innocent of clothing, driving goats out of the chaparral; sellers of tortillas and enchiladas clustering at the ferry. Children across the water were playing a game while devouring their breakfast tortillas, and their childish voices came clearly to us.

"Angel de oro bendice á su marqués a venido niño—" they sang, chasing one another about in their musical game of tag.

We could hear the cries of the street venders—the dealers in charcoal, in butter, in tallow—all along the waterside. An Indian woman was calling in a lilting voice, "Gorditas de horno calientes, mi alma!" ("Corn cakes hot from the oven, my dear!") And the candy seller, "Caramelos de espelma! Bocado de coco!" These mingled with the cries of the tamale vender and the seller of crayfish. Matamoras was awake. Even on our side of the river, a boy sold candy. I bought some caramels.

"Yonder comes old Jesus with his skiff," said Peep to me.

We went down to the ferry and got into the great punt which the aged ferryman and his two grandsons poled in for us. He was old and ragged and burned nearly black by the sun; he took off his tattered hat to us with the grace of a prince.

"God bless you, Don Jesus," said I. "What is the news in Matamoras?"

He knew little and understood less. Soldiers came and went, and there were many generals in gold lace at mass.

"And what description of soldiers are these who come and go, Don Jesus?"

He knew little about soldiers. There were horsemen—lancers in scarlet bonnets, and other lancers in leather

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[SILVER KNEES
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jackets. And the usual Presidiales, of whom everybody was afraid. As for the generals in their red and gold, only the Son of God could afford to clothe Himself in such resplendent glory.

"And the gringo army—have you any news of it?"

He had none. He did not really believe there was any Yankee army, although a drunken ranchero told him he had seen it, and that it was so vast that the whole desert turned a blue color when it marched.

A number of ragged young girls of the middle and lower classes were trooping down from the town to the river to bathe. With chaste and guileless simplicity they dropped their single garments on the shore and, naked and brown in the early sunshine, took to the water with the leisurely grace of waterfowl.

Friends ashore, soldiers, fishermen, washerwomen, exchanged jests and banter with them; smiles flashed; soft cries, laughter came to us across the water.

Peep called to them: "Tan chiquita! I shall take off my clothes and join you!"

"*Métase á sacarlos!*" they cried. "Go ahead and take them off!"

Their laughter rang. They splashed water toward us.

A girl came down to the shore, dropped her scarlet rags, unbound the scarlet handkerchief from her tawny locks, stood a moment without a trace of self-consciousness, her hands on her hips, looking at us.

She was as white as I am, and had blue eyes.

"*Quién es?*" I asked Peep.

"That white one? A Gypsy. They call her Silver Knees. You can see why."

"That girl a Gypsy?"

"*Ei, Gitana, that niña. Her name Encarnación. Is it not true, Don Jesus?*"

"God knows," said the old man.

Peep said: "She is a roving dancer. She has but one name and only one garment, and belongs to no parents. An alley rat and not of the Calle Mayor."

He called across the water to her: "God bless you, chibori—what are you doing there, naked before God's Mother?"

"*Me lavo,*" she replied tranquilly, wading out into the water.

"Swim out to us, Silver Knees, and I'll give you a caramel!" said he.

"Very well," said she.

She swam over to our boat, grasped it, flung one dazzling white knee over the gunwale. Her tawny hair, thick and drenched, blinding her, she shook her head free of it, slid back into the water, her slim body gliding beside the boat like a long silvery fish.

I held out a caramel; her scarlet mouth took it daintily from my fingers. The next instant she dived. After an alarmingly long while her brown head emerged among those of her sportive comrades.

"What is her history?" I asked Peep.

He shrugged. "Do gutter cats have histories? Some Presidiales, they say, found her long ago—after a fight with Navajos—or Apaches—or somebody. I suppose the Gitanos got hold of her later. But she is a true wildcat and belongs to nobody. God, how white are her legs and body!"

We landed and walked slowly toward the city of Matamoras, where Peep strolled one way and I another, smoking our cigarrillos as though we had not a care in the world.

As I entered the Calle Mayor the whole street as far as I could see was filled with a slowly moving column of scarlet-bonneted lancers. Red pennons fluttered, lance points glittered, the buildings echoed the trampling roar of a thousand horses, and a vast dust arose.

IV

BY nightfall I had collected in Matamoras memoranda sufficient to hang me without even a drumhead court-martial.

West of the city was the Anacitas redoubt. I counted the guns and garrison. At Paso Real was another small fort. I noted its contents. A battery of bronze eight-

pounders and a breastwork connected them. Troops were still working on it. There appeared to be no other defensive works.

The Mexican soldiery which I listed were as follows:

A battalion of Sappers.

The Second Light Infantry.

The First, Sixth, and Tenth of the Line.

The Seventh Cavalry.

A battalion of the National Guard.

Nine companies of rascally Presidiales.

A battalion of Tampico Marines.

A battalion of the Guardia Costa.

A battalion of Field Artillery of five four-gun batteries.

I FURTHER learned that Generals Ampudia and Torrejon were marching in with reinforcements consisting of the City of Mexico Regiment of Light Cavalry, the Fourth Infantry of the Line, the Eighth Regular Cavalry, two flying batteries, and the battalions of Puebla, Morelia, and City of Mexico—about 3,000 men, not including battalions of the Towns of the North.

But what concerned me personally, and rather uncomfortably, was the presence near the city of the Battalion of San Patricio—St. Patrick's Battalion—which was in fact the Mexican equivalent of the celebrated French Foreign Legion.

It was commanded by an Irishman named Reilly, and it was composed of foreigners exclusively—Irish, English, Scotch, Germans, French, and renegade Americans.

And here lay the danger to me: the American legionaries mostly were deserters from our volunteers and regulars. A number had run away from our camp at Corpus Christi. Some had fled military punishment, some tired



"Now what do you want to know"



them might recognize me in my Mexican disguise. Their uniform was gray turned up with green.

The city of Matamoros reminded me of St. Augustine in Florida, only it was much larger and there were handsome public buildings and churches. But most of its streets were narrow and winding. Everywhere one noticed obscure alleys and courts ending in some unlighted cul-de-sac or against some tall garden wall where, behind locked gates, roses rioted and orange bloom and jasmine smothered everything.

PEEP had a girl named Liliás Quintana who sold images and toys of clay, baked and painted, in a shop where four cat-alleys met, called the Plazoleta Perdido. The girl, a mere child, was faithful to her lover, and here, under the pepper trees, we met that night, cleansed ourselves, put on clean white cotton shirts and drawers and straw sandals, and, taking brilliant serapes and big, brightly bound hats, went out to pick up further information at the baile flamenco, or Gypsy dance.

Lord, what a rat-hole we followed, and through the brick walls of a thieves' restaurant and two cafés into a flimsy, candle-lit room made of boards, where was a deafening clamor of fiddles, guitars, flutes, and drums to an accompaniment of shouts, laughter, loud shuffle of sandals and click of high wooden heels.

The atmosphere had become suffocating—cheap perfume, unwashed skins, sweat, garlic, tobacco smoke united to make a thick and indescribable odor. Everything stank, even the eau de Cologne on handkerchiefs.

Here whirled the scum of the city: Gypsies, soldiers, thieves, chaparral robbers, desert rats, prowlers of purlieu and prairie with their feral females—lithe brown girls, lemon-colored girls, girls nearly black but not Negroid, Indian girls—and what was strangely noticeable among these girls, pretty, plain, or homely of

face, was the beauty and delicacy of their arms and hands and feet, and the slender grace of their bodies; which is characteristic throughout all Mexico, excepting only among those born in great cities.

Beer, pulque, pulque brandy slopped over tables and bar, and the alcoholic stink added another odor to the general stench.

Peep was dancing with a Gitana in green skirt and

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about my lover?" she cried. "You Gajos look like a pair of spies to me!"

of the deadly monotony, some had love affairs at Matamoros, others were natural rovers, adventurers, irresponsible scoundrels of various types.

Anyway, for one reason or another, or for none at all, half a hundred of our rascals were serving the Mexican government in St. Patrick's Battalion, and were now encamped outside the city on the Reynosa road. I did not desire to run across any of them in the streets or cafés of Matamoros, for there was every chance that some among

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orange shawl, who was very free with her language, her laughter, and her nervous, caressing fingers which hovered ever about his person. Probably she was trying to rob him—which he knew, and flashed his sophisticated and enchanting smile at her, fencing against her agile fingers with his own, both laughing like excited fools.

A Zingali girl, who whispered to me that she was only fourteen, sat on my knee and drank pulque, but could not discover where my money was, and finally didn't care any longer, so that the brandy supply continued.

It was easy to make her babble. She had a lover in the Hussars. That regiment remained in Mexico City. She had another lover in Orizaba—a cuirassier—and his regiment was ordered to Mexico, too. That much information for a glass of pulque and a curd cake.

"Two lovers," she said, "are better than one, my pretty rye." And she sang close to my ear:

"Why should a woman doubt
That to have two lovers is right,
Since if one of her candles goes out
The other remains alight!"

The din in the stifling room increased. Two Gypsy girls, half naked, sashed and jacketed in rainbow rags and jingling with necklaces and anklets of coins, danced a bolero tzigane, furiously, amid shrill cries of appreciation, suddenly drowned in a roar of excitement where a fight started between a Presidiale and a Gypsy—but comrades intervened and got their knives away from them.

I gave a drink to a couple of soldiers who became maudlin and begged me to join their artillery regiment. And from them I learned much about the ammunition supply in the Matamoras forts.

But the racket, disorder, and stench of the place were becoming unendurable. There were continual fights. One girl stabbed another amid a horrid screaming; two desert rats cut a marine across the face, who bellowed like a bull and rushed after them bawling for his gun.

But the raucous music and the dancing never ceased. The packed floor was a mass of swaying dancers; beer splashed the bar; pulque drenched the tables and made pools on the floor under dancing feet.

Peep emerged panting and sweating from the revolting mass. He had a girl by the hand. They flung themselves down on the bench beside me.

I said to him in a low voice: "Be careful in your drinking."

THE girl, a half-Indian, was singing drunk. She had a lover in the lancers, but we could learn nothing from her until she had had her brandy.

She was a big, handsome girl with a devil in her great black eyes. She jumped up and gave a toast at the top of her lungs:

"To the lips and past the gums— Look out, guts! Here she comes!"

And she drained her glass.

"Now what do you want to know about my lover in the lancers?" she cried. "You Gajos look like a pair of spies to me!"

"For God's sake, get rid of her," I muttered to Peep. "She'll ruin us with her shouting."

However, nobody seemed to pay her any attention, and after passionately embracing Peep she produced castanets and whirled away in a crazy dance all by herself.

"Why didn't you talk to her in Romany?" I asked him.

"Yes," he said, "I should have. It's safer for us."

He stood up to watch her safely out of sight.

"Hey!" said he. "Yonder comes the dancer, Silver Knees. Wait till they see her; then you'll hear a shout—"

The shout already drowned his voice:

"Del O Del baxt! God give you luck, Silver Knees!" rose the shrill cries as the dancers caught sight of her. "T'anes baxtalo! Sastipe!"

"Nais tuke prala!" replied the girl coolly.

"La Jota Arragonesa!" roared the crowd, demanding that she dance that dance for them.

An Indian girl cried out that she wished to dance it

with her, but there came a shout of protest from every Gypsy.

"It's a Gaja dance!" insisted the Indian girl; but the Gypsies shouted: "Rom Romesa! Gajo Gajesa!" ("Gypsy with Gypsy, Gentile with Gentile!") "Dance for us, Silver Knees! You are a Gypsy!"

"I don't know if I am," she said smilingly, looking around her. "Tell me the truth!"

"Money is better than truth," cried the Gypsy girls, laughing and jingling their strings of coins. "Don't you want money, Silver Knees?"

"Ci mangav love—numai cacimus," said she with a shrug. "Not money—truth! However—where is my Gitana among the gachi, then?"

"Here she comes, hijita! Here she is, chibori, little queen. Here, little witch, chovi hanita!"

The music burst out into La Jota Arragonesa. The Gypsy girl who had sat on my knees and sung of two lovers came gliding out to meet Silver Knees.

Then, together, they began to dance.

"MOTHER of God!" muttered Peep in my ear. "How angelic white is this young hell-cat! Like a breezy river reed she bends and sways in grace. So chaste she seems, O Jesus, that a caramel would not melt between her pure lips of a child!"

"And you should see her gulp her pulque! Oh, Virgin intact, she seems as virginal as art Thou!—and no doubt has had a hundred paying lovers. . . . And look, compadre, at the blue of her eyes. They paint angels with eyes like that gutter cat's!"

The dance stopped with a resonant twang of guitars. A shower of copper and silver coins fell around the two girls. With superb condescension they gathered them, counted them, heads together, divided them.

A slim, girlish-looking soldier—a drummer lad—came up and bashfully asked Silver Knees for a waltz which the fiddles had begun to play.

"No," she said. "You are only a little boy. I am thirsty, and I know you haven't any money to buy pulque for me." A shout of laughter arose around her. The discomfited soldier reddened, laughed, and turned to ask another girl to dance with him.

Peep called out: "Silver Knees, you shall drink your pulque with us!"

She looked across the floor, arched her eyebrows insolently; then, seeming to recognize us, came slowly toward us. "Very well, I accept," said she calmly, sauntering up to where we awaited her.

She seated herself on my knee, considered me gravely.

"Have you another caramel for me, señor?" she inquired.

I had two or three in my pocket. She ate them leisurely, watching the dancing from her perch on my knee.

She sipped her pulque, then slid one satin-slippered foot to the floor and tapped time to the music with her toe. "You wish to dance with me?" she asked absently.

We got up and danced until the music changed to a wild Gypsy air; then she returned to her seat on my knee and resumed her pulque.

"I wish I had some honey cake with cheese," said she.

"You may have it," said I.

She looked around at me: "Tiene vuestra merced algo de dinero?"

"Yes, I have enough money to buy you honey cakes."

Peep fetched a platterful. The girl ate unhurriedly, excusing herself for taking another.

"I have not eaten today," she remarked.

"You've enough lovers, then," said Peep. "What is the matter?"

"I haven't any lovers."

"I know four soldiers who have been your lovers," he insisted.

"It's a lie," said she, reaching for another cake. "You're a laughing liar, anyway," she added, smiling at him. "Your pretty eyes are full of lies!"

Then, looking around at me: "This señor pleases me better. Is your honor rich?"

"Not very."

"Cuánto dinero?"

"Mother of God!" cried Peep. "Do you think any-

body is going to buy love of *you*, you lousy kitten?"

"I don't love for money, and I am not lousy," she said calmly. "You, pretty boy, are full of jolly lies. But *he*"—with a nod toward me—"looks as though the truth were in him." She added under her breath, and in the Gypsy language: "Ci mangav love—numai cacimus—I don't want money, only truth."

"Gitana san tu?" ("Are you a Gypsy?") I asked in that tongue.

Silver Knees turned her head and stared at me, astounded. "Ci janav," she said slowly, "I don't know. I speak Romanes—the Kalo jib. You speak it brokenly—pos-Romanes!"

She leaned nearer, her slender fingers on my shoulders.

"Kalo Rom san tu?" she demanded. "Are *you* a real Gypsy?"

"Why not, then?"

"Katar aves, prala?" ("Whence come you, brother?")

I passed my arm around her. "I come from a place so far away that it would take all night for me to count the miles for you."

"I won't pass the night with you," she said; "I don't love you."

"Doubtless," said Peep, "you've spent many a night with paying soldiers in the garrison."

"Gay liar," said she, "I have not yet been in love, so how can that be true?" And, to me, "You are a strange Rom. But I am glad you are one."

"Shall we have a bottle of champagne on it, Silver Knees? Do you like champagne? Kames mol?"

"I kiss it!" she said, enraptured. "Me cumidavle! Wait! They are calling for me! Wait while I dance. Will you?"

I nodded smilingly, for the roar of voices drowned our voices. So she stepped slowly across the empty floor, glanced coolly at the noisy throng encircling her. Then suddenly the wild Gypsy music caught her as a whirlwind catches a scarlet maple leaf, and her red skirt below and red shawl above became twin flames between which her supple figure—a misty blur—flashed naked.

"Sangre de Dios!" murmured Peep, his eyes blazing. "She is the ghost of the rosa encarnada! She is a tigre cat playing with hell flames! God Himself stands astonished in His heaven to behold this flor sempiterna—this chovihani—this Gypsy witch!"

A tremendous shout, a rain of coins, Silver Knees sauntering about collecting them, fanning herself, but missing no coin however small.

A NUMBER of sandaled soldiers of all arms, and several Gypsies, were hovering amorously around her.

When they became too importunate and crowded her, "Ca!" said she, sweeping them with an impertinent glance, "it is because I have money that you beggars come smelling around!"

Peep laughed and called out to her: "Avali, hermana mia! The trotting dog finds the bone!"

A soldier, in a gray uniform faced with green, pushed through the circle, took hold of Silver Knees by the naked arm, and looked threateningly at Peep.

"Mind your business, you muleteer," he said to Peep. "This Gypsy wench doesn't belong to you!"

I said to Peep: "Look out! That's a soldier in St. Patrick's Battalion, who may recognize us."

Silver Knees was trying to twist loose from his grasp.

"May God blot out your name!" she stormed. "Let go of me, you Irish pooch," she added in English, "or I'll black your goddam eye!"

"I want you tonight, niña," he said with a drunken leer, getting hold of her again and dragging her about.

Her language became frightful. She swore at him in Gypsy, Spanish, and English. "Let go of me or I'll

teach you what my garter guards!" she said fiercely.

"Silver knees it guards," he cried laughingly.

"And a silver knife, you dancing goat!"

"Que disparate, querida mia!"

"Que Dios remate tu nombre! Take that, then—"

Her knife slashed the gray sleeve of his tunic. I sprang forward, jerked her free of the bleeding fellow, who regarded the slash with astonishment. Then he became frantic. "I'll kill that damned maja!" he yelled, reaching for his bayonet. "Look out, you white harlot!"

"What about the lois prale!" shouted Peep, giving him a violent shove. And instantly a dozen big, sweating Gypsies had hold of the yelling Irishman, kicking and pushing him through the door into the alley.

"Help!" he shouted. "Help for St. Patrick's! These damned muchachos are killing me! O'Rourke! Kenna! Dineen!"

Gray and green uniforms and gaudy Gypsy rags were blended in a fighting mass already; knives flashed; a sort of strangled ferocious roar filled the room.

"A corrida!" cried Peep. "I have been a diestro, too, in my day!"

HE started for the tumult, his knife glittering.

I was holding back Silver Knees with one hand; I now seized Peep with the other.

"For God's sake, keep quiet," I whispered. "There's Jim Martin, who deserted from my regiment!"

The scallawag, who had been staring at us, began to push and shoulder his way toward us through the excited crush.

"You," he shouted at me, "in your Mexican serape—you look like Captain Jack Maddox, and, by God, I believe you are! Spy! Espia! Death to the spy!"

I said in Spanish: "I don't understand you. Are you trying to pick a quarrel?"

"You dirty hound!" he yelled. "You can't fool me!" And he began to bellow in his bull-like voice: "Look out, St. Patrick's! There's traitors and spies in the place! Guard the two doors till we catch them—"

I hit him a terrific smash in the face, and he sprawled. But from everywhere in the tumult came fierce Irish yells: "The dirty spies, I've us at them! Bar the two doors an' fetch a rope!"

Peep could have deserted me. But he pulled his pistol, menacing Mexican, Spaniard, Gypsy, and foreigner.

The girl caught my hand and began to drag me after her. "Behind the bar," she panted. "La tercera puerta—the third door—"

"Show us the way, then—"

"Follow!"

The crowd shrank back before the nervous sweep of our pistols. We backed in behind the bar. Only our pistols, always in motion, were delaying the enraged rush to overwhelm us. Hoarse voices cursed us; a violent forward movement of Mexican and foreign soldiery started the whole yelling mass toward us.

"Run!" cried Peep.

I saw the girl gliding through a small doorway lighted by a lantern. Peep darted after her. I shattered the lantern with my pistol butt and followed, stumbling wildly through darkness out into a dim maze of wagons and tents under a starlit sky. We were in a Gypsy encampment.

"Gypsies in trouble!" cried the girl, as we ran on among the tents. "Put out your lanterns, brothers! The Gajos are after us!"

If Captain Maddox could have foreseen the adventures he and Silver Knees were to live through, he would have been amazed. You'll find one of the most absorbing of these adventures in next week's installment of the story.



Her red skirt below and red shawl above became twin flames between which her supple figure flashed naked.

Are Women STUPID?

The Wail of a Would-Be Feminist

(Reading time: 17 min. 48 sec.)

"WHO are the foremost Americans?"

It was a man who asked me that question, abruptly, at a lull in after-dinner conversation.

Offhand I replied: "Oh, Ford, Edison, perhaps Hoover. Maybe Rockefeller and Morgan, if financial genius is a test of greatness."

"But where are your great women?" he returned.

And I was stopped. For, while there are plenty of able women in this country, who would include in a list based on genius, not merely distinction for the moment, any American women? And I had to admit that in any selection of geniuses, past and present, the female sex would figure only as a small part of the whole.

"But we have been held down!" I exclaimed. "For centuries we haven't had a chance."

"No one who examines history will deny that this has been true," returned my companion. "But genius, I believe, is an innate strength that will triumph over birth and environment. Lincoln, the boy of the backwoods; Napoleon, the poor and morose student; Jeanne d'Arc, the French peasant. Even a woman, you see, won't be held down, if she is really a genius."

"True—but only to a degree," I said. "For even genius flourishes best under friendliness and encouragement. Indeed, considering the odium heaped on the female intellectual, it is rather meritorious of women to have produced any geniuses at all."

Thus I argued on that occasion.

But now, before seeking the reason, let us examine the facts.

Look over the great martial leaders of history—Alexander, Julius Caesar, Napoleon, and the rest. Only one woman stands out—Jeanne d'Arc. In France she is a saint, and, as every traveler to France knows, her statues are encountered everywhere. She is the republic's national hero, not a mere heroine to be overshadowed by a greater male.

In science, it must be admitted that only one woman holds a high place. Other women are laboring usefully in laboratories, but only Mme. Curie can be said to have contributed on the plane of the immortals.

In the fields of fighting and science, it may be argued that women have engaged too briefly to have produced many heroic personages. This defense cannot apply to the arts, for painting and sculpture have largely been within the range of polite accomplishments deemed not improper for women's attention.

By

GRACE ROBINSON

In painting, the paucity of women's achievements is startling. Only two important figures stand out—Rosa Bonheur and Mme. LeBrun. There is no woman, in painting or sculpture, who ever headed a great

movement in art. There is no woman to match Phidias; none that can compare with Michelangelo or Rodin; none to stand with Rembrandt, Rubens, or Whistler.

In literature, women make a better showing. Some of the great literature of all time has been produced by women. No list of literary achievement, regardless of sex, could omit Sappho, George Eliot, Jane Austen, Christina Rossetti; and since such a list must be largely a matter of opinion, many would include Mrs. Browning, Emily and Charlotte Brontë, and, among moderns, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Edith Wharton, Willa Cather, and Selma Lagerlöf. But set these names against the long and illustrious roster of distinguished male writers, and woman's contribution is but a small part.

When Professor William Lyon Phelps of Yale recently made for Scribner's Magazine a list of what he considered the hundred best novels, he included only eight works by women. Three—Pride and Prejudice, Emma, and Persuasion—were by Jane Austen. Two were George Eliot's—Adam Bede and The Mill on the Floss.

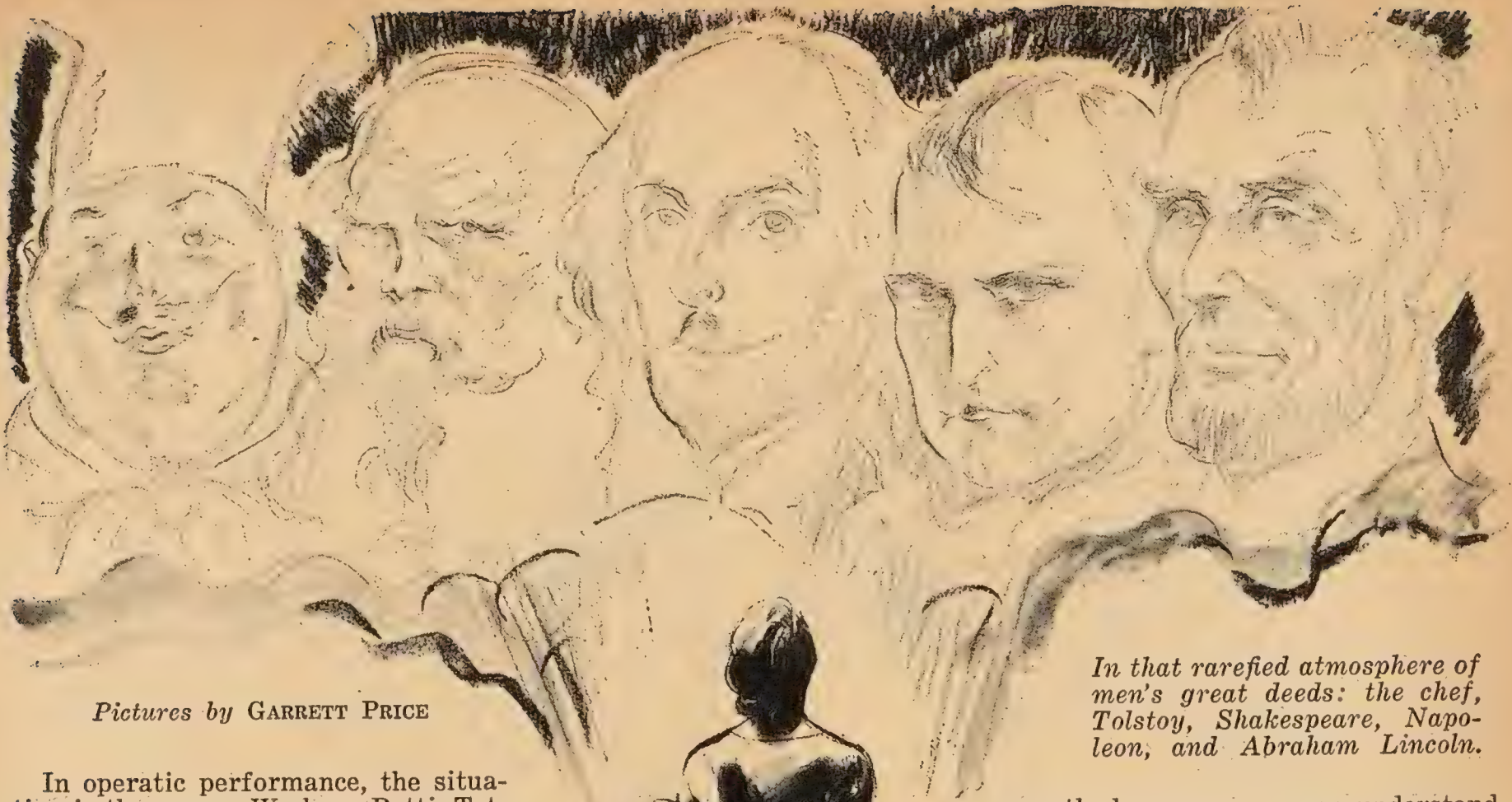
It is only fair to point out, however, that to a thousand men who have tried to write, probably only one woman has tried. Such a statement is incapable of proof,

but considering the age-old dedication of the females of our race to home-making and the bearing and raising of children, it seems a fairly conservative inference. The great number of women today who are competing successfully with men in the fiction market shows that greater opportunity for education and careers does result in production of more creative work.

DESPITE woman's competent performance as a novelist, she is strangely lacking when put to the test in dramatic writing. Where is there a woman Shakespeare, Molière, or Shaw? Yet she can interpret to perfection the drama that the male mind has produced. On the stage, at least, her record equals man's. Probably no actor that ever lived was better than Bernhardt or Duse. Certainly the contemporary stage—with Ethel Barrymore, Katherine Cornell, and the elusive spell that is Helen Morgan—shows women equal, if not superior, to the males in the profession.



If the female's mind were her chief asset, she'd be at more pains to cultivate it. Public opinion is very hard to buck.



Pictures by GARRETT PRICE

In that rarefied atmosphere of men's great deeds: the chef, Tolstoy, Shakespeare, Napoleon, and Abraham Lincoln.

In operatic performance, the situation is the same. We have Patti, Tetrazzini, Sembrich, Melba to match Caruso and the other great men. But where are the great women composers in opera? Or in other forms of musical composition? As performers of the highest order, women match men. As creators on a grand scale, they fall down.

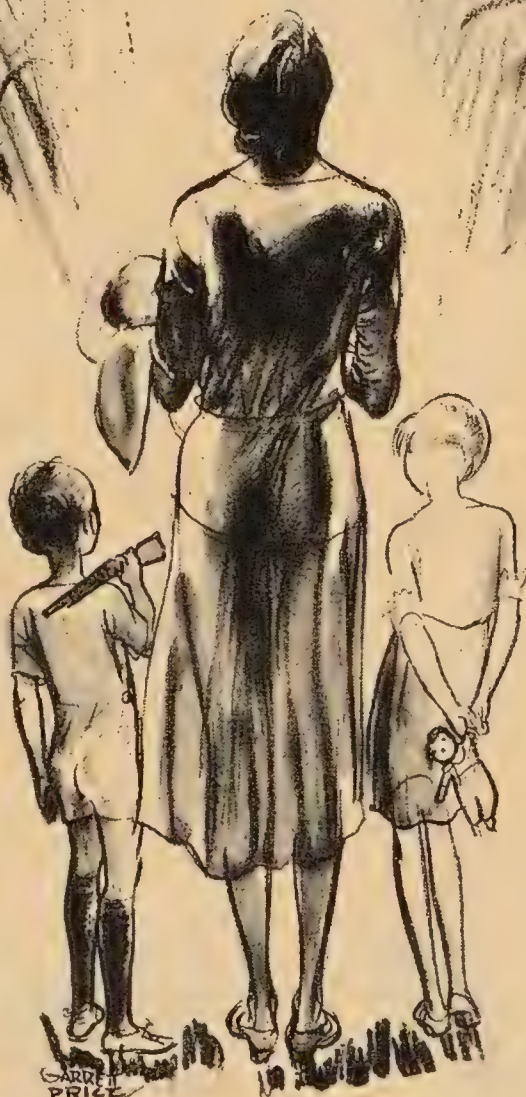
In the field of religion, no woman who has amassed a following of hundreds of thousands can be ignored. So we must award Mary Baker Eddy a place among great religious leaders.

Among rulers, Catherine II of Russia and Elizabeth of England probably exhibited more sagacity than any other representatives of their sex. It must be remembered, of course, that the number of women elevated to thrones is small compared with the number of men who have ruled. It is always contended, in behalf of man's superiority, that the great women rulers have had the advice of gifted men. Elizabeth's success, they say, was due to the Burleighs and Bacons with whom she surrounded herself. Considering the number of kings that have gone down to ruin because they turned a deaf ear to wise men and listened instead to false or stupid courtiers, it seems unfair to minimize the glory of England's Virgin Queen on this score.

In no field does woman make so miserable a showing as in invention. Even her household utensils, so far as we know their origin, have been largely or wholly invented by men. One historic sneerer remarked that "women could not even invent their own distaff." Indeed, it is only recently, since men inventors have taken an interest in the kitchen, that housework has been brought anywhere near the standard of convenience and labor-saving seen in the industrial world.

WHY are women deficient in ideas that might be expected to grow naturally from their domestic drudgery?

Well, let us consider the modern kitchen. The egg-beater, for instance, the hand-operated kind, turned by a little handle on a wheel. This is a simple arrangement of gears—a mechanical principle known to every school-boy. How many little girls have been encouraged, or even permitted, to learn about machinery? And conse-



But: "Supposing I haven't produced many great pictures or many great inventions. I've done a good job of populating the earth."

quently how many women understand gears? Very few, unless through familiarity with automobile mechanism they have recently acquired some slight glimmering of light on mechanics. Most domestic labor-saving devices are merely the application of mechanics and electricity to the household. Electric washers, toasters, vacuum cleaners and the rest could hardly have been invented by a woman working in her solitary kitchen, or, for that matter, by a man whose opportunities for learning were confined to the narrow limits of the home. It was necessary to understand electricity before these inventions could come into being.

ALL invention, as economists have pointed out, consists of a stock of knowledge already acquired from the past and inventive genius to utilize and build upon that heritage. The primitive individuals who devised the simple mop, broom, and needle (and for all we know they may have been women) deserve far greater credit for their ideas than the man who adapted a tested principle to produce a sewing machine.

Despite new household conveniences, the domestic job is likely to remain fairly arduous because, in a home, variety rather than quantity of products is the aim. The household is a small, individualistic organization, and will always remain behind industry if it retains its present characteristics of privacy and handmade comfort, virtues which men are the first to insist on. The only alternative is community kitchens and laundries, an idea already utilized in the city apartment house where one sacrifices much of the privacy and independence that gave charm to the old-fashioned home.

The charge is often made, in refutation of women's creative ability, that they don't even design their own clothes, that the best dressmakers are men. That is not true. Of the great couturiers that dictate the world's fashions from Paris, there are as many notable women as men. Chanel is a woman, and many esteem her as the most gifted designer in the world. Vionnet, Augustabernard, Louiseboulanger, and Jeanne Lanvin—celebrated for her romantic gowns—all are women. Germaine

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



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Catherine II of Russia (1729-96), great in love, war, and statesmanship.

have been awarded to the more proficient. But in this field, as in so many others, women were not encouraged to engage in a professional career. Their place was defined as the home, and no matter what heights of culinary achievement the woman cook might reach, she received little laudation outside her family circle. In this country, where women now engage freely in extra-domestic pursuits, the most widely known authorities on cooking are women. Who has not heard of Ida Bailey Allen and Fannie Merritt Farmer?

In business, perhaps, we find the middle ground—a field far from women's traditional domestic rôle, and yet distinct from the artistic world with its male giants.



International

Mme. Marie Curie (1867-), co-discoverer of radium and a noted physicist.

Perhaps Hetty Green, with her uncanny acumen for real estate, is the only female who rose into the company of big American money-makers.

YET in many primitive societies, woman has been the dominant sex in all civil departments of life. In Mexico, on the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, live the Tzapotec Indians, whose tribal society is a matriarchy. You can go there today, and find women sitting in the market place trading in vegetables and pottery while the men are at home minding the children and running errands. If any clash arises between the Mexican authorities and the tribe, the police go to the women, not the men, for adjustment. Likewise the priest in spiritual matters carries on his business with the women.

The women are tall, with regal carriage due to the practice of carrying bundles on their heads, their breasts are small and firm, and their bodies are strong. The men are runts by comparison. The women are alert; the men stupid and slow.

Racial histories show that the dominant sex always delegated to the subordinate sex housework and care of children. The German anthropologist, M. Vaerting, in a symposium called *Our Changing Morality*, says: "If

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVENTEEN]

Leconte, famous for her beautiful evening gowns, and Hattie Carnegie, in New York, also belong to the sex that is charged with lack of creative genius. Many of the French houses bear men's names, but employ women designers.

In cooking, woman's age-old field, men are preëminent, critics of the feminine sex point out. It is true that the more famous cooks of history have been men. In France, for centuries, cooking has been regarded as a legitimate pursuit for men, and high honors



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Eleanora Duse (1859-1924), who found fame on the stage and sorrow in love.



Ritzmann photo

Sarah Bernhardt (1844-1923), who shared acclaim only with Duse.

and executed the whole artistic side of the home? It was the wife, of course, perhaps assisted and advised by her daughters. There lies her æsthetic expression. If she is a poor woman, and has had no advantages that could produce refined taste, her result may be crude and tawdry. But such as it is, it constitutes, to a large extent, her æsthetic expression, hampered, of course, by the limits of her husband's purse.

Look down the street, whether it be the Main Street of a prairie town, or Fifth Avenue in New York. What do we see? Women, clothed in endless variations of color and line. This girl wears a red hat because it gives brilliancy to her complexion; that one affects a black coat

because it gives her slimmer lines; another goes on high heels to make her appear taller. And the men? All clothed in dull, unflattering materials, fashioned as much alike as so many uniforms. Which has exercised artistic sense and which has not?

Consider these manifestations in the bulk, and perhaps we discover what has been done with part, at least, of the sex's appreciation of beauty. It has been expressed, but scattered, not concentrated as it must be concentrated with the artist who says: "I am going to learn to put landscapes on canvas.

I am going to learn that, if I never do anything else in the world." Although it is generally asserted that in writing women have had an equal chance with men, and have not produced equal results, such a statement must be greatly qualified, if one is to be truthful.

Consider Jane Austen. She was a middle-class woman, subject to all the inconveniences of middle-class life. Her nephew, James Edward Austen-Leigh, in his memoir of her, marvels that she was able to write in the buzz of family life.

"She had no separate study to repair to," he says, "and most of the

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE TWENTY]



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Queen Elizabeth (1533-1603), symbol of high moments in war and literature.



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Rosa Bonheur (1822-99), who seized a place for herself as a French painter.



Brown Bros.

Jane Austen (1775-1817), of an age of innocence, now belongs to the ages.



Wide World

Willa Cather (1876-), already recognized among the greatest of novelists.

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE EIGHTEEN]

work must have been done in the general sitting-room, subject to all kinds of casual interruptions. She was careful that her occupation should not be suspected by servants or visitors or any persons beyond her own family party."

Why? Because it was considered eccentric and foolish for women to write at that time, the beginning of the nineteenth century. Virginia Woolf says, "To Jane Austen there was something discreditable in writing *Pride and Prejudice*."

Recently *Pride and Prejudice*, hidden from view during its composition and slipped under blotting paper when anyone approached, was named by Hugh Walpole, the novelist, among the only six books in the world worthy of being called literature. What might not Jane Austen have written under the stimulus of congenial society and friendly encouragement?

How was a woman novelist of that day (little more than a century ago) to learn about the life she wanted to portray? Says Mrs. Woolf of Miss Austen, "It was impossible for a woman to go about alone. She never traveled; she never drove through London in an omnibus or had luncheon in a shop by herself."

Compare this cloistered existence with that of another writer, a young man who enjoyed the roistering life of a high-born officer in the Russian army, who lived with mistresses of various degrees and temperaments, who gambled and drank, and contacted daily with life in its many fascinating aspects. That was Tolstoy, and the result was *Anna Karenina*, *Resurrection*, and *War and Peace*, none of which could have been written without his variegated experience. The last named, incidentally, is also in Mr. Walpole's list of six. Which author deserves more credit—Austen or Tolstoy?

THOSE who admire women and regret their poor showing on the plane of genius point out that for untold ages the bulk of women's energy and talent has gone into children. Considering the tremendous demands on physical health, mental resources, originality, and energy even two or three children make on a mother, the child argument seems almost a complete answer. Our mothers and grandmothers had not two or three, but eight and ten children.

It is argued that the fathers had to make a living. True, but generally the writer makes his living at writing, the painter supports his family at painting, haphazard though that support may be. A canvas may be turned immediately into loaves of bread, but the baby's washing cannot be turned directly into a novel.

In this connection, it is interesting to note that many of the women geniuses had no children. Austen, George Eliot, and the Brontë sisters were childless.

Whether they have children or not, women

are almost hopelessly entangled with sex. What is the theme of most of the world's poetry? Women and love. When men write or paint, do they make sonnets to Florence Nightingale? Do they paint idealistic conceptions of Jane Addams? No. Their themes are Helen of Troy, Cleopatra, and enchantresses like Peggy Joyce and Marilyn Miller.

Because sex, manifested in a woman, is likely to overpower and confuse all other judgments about her, Greta Garbo is probably America's outstanding woman today. Perhaps if women could see mental dominance as desirable, they'd go in for it with more zest.

If the female's mind were her chief asset, she'd be at more pains to cultivate it.

THE race's thirst for beauty, operating as a law of supply and demand, has given women more reason to glorify their bodies than their minds. Most persons consider a beautiful woman more delightful than a beautiful man.

So keen is the thirst that employment experts will tell you the majority of men prefer a decorative secretary who is not overly bright to one who is efficient but plain.

The activities which have to do with reproduction have so smothered woman that it is remarkable she has produced geniuses in any other field. The sex genius is the kind men mostly expect from them—and what people expect of you, or public opinion, is a very hard influence to buck.

Let mothers neglect their children for careers—and there will be more careers.

Let girls turn deaf ears to the men who are intoxicated with their youth and beauty—and more mental work will be accomplished by women, some of which is likely to yield genius.

Also, much of the charm of living will be wiped out, and in time the race will cease to exist.

At least two surveys that have attempted to measure male and female intelligence have shown greater variability among males than among females. That is, the males will show more geniuses and more idiots than the females. The latter will show few, if any, idiots, and few, if any, geniuses, and a greater tendency to stick to the average in mentality.

But, so far, nothing conclusive has been proved about this; it is still a theory.

It is astonishing how much men expect of the "inferior" sex. If woman were not habituated by the ages to fret over men's criticisms and defer to their opinions, she would say:

"Suppose I haven't produced many great pictures or many great inventions. I've done an awfully good job of populating the earth."

After all, which helps society more—to produce strong, intelligent boys and girls to do the world's work, as your mother and mine did, or to lead thousands of fine men to their deaths, as General Pershing did?

THE END

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- 5—In what war was the Battle of San Juan Hill fought?
- 6—What is the figurative meaning of halcyon days?
- 7—What is buncombe?
- 8—Where is Temple University?
- 9—What is the unit of weight for precious stones?
- 10—Who wrote *The Vicar of Wakefield*?
- 11—What is the native name for Persia?
- 12—What is known as timber line?
- 13—A gill is what part of a gallon?
- 14—What is a *coup de grâce*?
- 15—What is tautology?
- 16—What is a cenotaph?
- 17—What are tundras?
- 18—What is the Latin and poetic name for Ireland?
- 19—In what language was the Koran written?
- 20—What rank is next below that of captain in the United States Navy.

(Answers will be found on page thirty-five)

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When SHE



The Story of a Good Bet Gone Wrong

By

FRANCIS M. COCKRELL, III



a young man who was born in Warrensburg, Missouri. He has been a farmer, but for the last four years has tried writing fiction, and finds he prefers that occupation. He has gone to school spasmodically, he says, his better known alma maters being Tulane and Columbia universities.

Pictures by ERNEST FUHR

(Reading time: 26 minutes 5 seconds.)

OLD B. B. McCarthy was squawking around the office because a section of slab had to be laid by the 15th of December, and it was now the middle of August, and he didn't have anyone to lay it but a bunch of old ladies, milksops, and efficiency nuts, and a few other flattering terms he thought up for his large and highly paid staff of engineers. If it wasn't for this damned rheumatism, he'd go lay the road himself.

Michael Kelleher, the baby of the staff, coming in at this juncture, remarked that his rheumatism wasn't bothering him much right then, and he'd go lay the slab, and where was it anyhow? And what was all the fuss about?

So old B. B. said that he couldn't do it and get it done in time, but that he couldn't make a worse botch of it than any of these other dead weights would, so to go ahead, and he'd just remind him that one way to get work done was to work.

Mike said, "Yeah, that's what somebody said," and a little later he had all the dope and was on his way to Bennetsville. And that's how he happened to be in Bennetsville.

Bennetsville didn't have but five thousand people, and Bill Hargiss, fraternity brother and fellow graduate at the university the year before, lived there, so of course it was not long before he knew almost everyone in town. And that's how he happened to meet Marcia Lane.

Marcia Lane lived across the street from where he roomed, so of course he saw her more often than he would have otherwise. He didn't see anyone much at first, for this job actually had a lot of work connected with it.

But in a few weeks he had things rolling, and then he would stroll across the street at night sometimes and sit on the steps and talk to Marcia, and walk downtown with her and get a drink, and come back and sit on the steps a while longer; and then it would be time to go home, for he had to get up at three.

But concrete cannot be poured when it is raining, so on rainy days he played golf. Marcia knew he didn't have any other time to play and so she said she would play



AND then, just as though she had waited purposely, maliciously, until he had got her off his mind, she came through the door.

with him, for it's dull to go around alone, and anyhow she didn't mind the rain.

Marcia was a bright spot on any horizon, but about the time they would get to the eighteenth hole, in a strong rain, and her black hair was blowing around kind of wild and shiny with the water, and her clothes were wet and clinging to her here and there, and she didn't seem at all bedraggled, as she should have, then—why, then she was the whole horizon, bright spots and all.

She played golf with him, and darned good golf, too, every single rainy day for two months and a half. She

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very friendly and all that, there had been no very strong indications that under her laughing exterior she hid anything more than friendship. In fact, as he thought it over, there hadn't even been any glimmerings. Not one measly little glimmer.

At least, he decided, giving himself the benefit of a doubt that was hardly there, if there had been any glimmerings, he hadn't noticed them. Consequently, when he saw her come out on the dance floor with someone and start dancing, one Saturday night, he brainily concluded that the thing for him to do was to cut in on her and look her over very closely with an eye out for glimmerings.

He decided that the glimmerings would no doubt show up better in the dark; but before he could suggest that they go out on the porch for a bit of air, she said, "Let's go out on the porch a minute. I want to tell you something."

"Lady, what a

was a wonderful dancer. When she talked she said things, and she didn't talk all the time. If she was pretty in the rain on the eighteenth green, and she undoubtedly was, she was enchanting and bewitching and bewildering in the moonlight on the country club porch. And that's how he happened to fall in love with Marcia Lane.

Of course he wasn't absolutely sure at first whether it was love or not, so he didn't say anything about it to Marcia. When he finally did decide that it was love, he didn't know whether he should let her in on the secret or not; for, while she had been awfully nice to him and

help you are!" he lauded her. "I was just trying to think of some way to coax you out there."

They went out through the French windows and she sat on the broad railing, while he stood beside it and watched the moonbeams doing stunts in her hair. She was silent for several moments.

Finally she said, "I don't know what you'll think of me for doing this, but I'm going to do it anyhow. I don't know how you feel about me, but in the last two months I've fallen in love with you. If you don't love me—why,

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you don't, and that's all there is to it, and I guess I'll bear up pretty well; but if you do I'd like you to marry me."

The Kelleher brain had never been a lethargic article, nor had the Kelleher capacity to withstand shock, even in the last minutes of a hard-waged football game, ever been even remotely questioned. Thus it was now not more than five minutes before Mike had almost recovered from the absolutely stunning effect of the very first proposal of marriage he had ever had. He was still a little weak and a little dazed, but he managed to grin and say:

"Any time, lady; any time."

"You will?" she said, sounding just a bit taken aback. "You'll marry me?"

"And like it," he answered truthfully.

His mind was beginning to grasp this lovely situation a little more firmly now. What a girl!

Just as he started to arrange things so she would be in his arms, where she belonged, some people came through the French windows. He had to confine himself to saying, "Damn those people, damn 'em anyhow! Whyn't they

go on home? I don't like 'em. Honey, let's go some place so I can show you what a swell technique your future husband's got."

"Silly," she laughed. "That's a fine idea, but I've got this dance. But don't worry. We've got a lot of time."

"A lifetime's too short," he said, "but if you've got the dance, you've got the dance, and thus gallantly our hero resigned himself to his gruesome fate. Gee, darling, I sure do love you a hell of a lot."

The people had passed and he kissed her quickly as they started for the door. "There's a tepid sample," he said.

"Very nice, for a sample," she said, giving his hand a little squeeze. "I think I'll take all you have in stock."

"They're all ready for delivery," he said, as he turned her over to Jack Arnold, "and don't let 'em spoil in the storeroom," he added as Arnold danced away with her.

She gave him a smile over Arnold's shoulder which seemed to him to be the equivalent of saying, "Don't worry."

HE didn't particularly want to dance, so he just leaned against the wall and felt good, and watched Marcia.

Bill Hargiss danced past with some blonde and someone cut in on Bill, so he came over to where Mike was standing.

"How's the boy construction king?" Bill asked.

"O. K. Pouring more yards every day. Drinking any good whisky?"

"Well, maybe not for taste, but what action! Have a slug?"

"No, thanks. Going to the game this year?"

"Yeah. You?"

"Don't know. If it rains hard enough the day before, I will."

While he talked he kept his eyes on Marcia. She certainly was a knockout. That beautiful creature was going to be his wife. He had to keep reminding himself of this to believe it. She danced past with someone, and he decided to go cut in on her in a moment. Bill chuckled.

"Say," he said, "I just remembered something funny. Boy, this is choice! Marcia Lane was over at the house this afternoon, and she and sis were sitting inside. I was out on the porch, but I guess they didn't know I was there."

Mike hadn't paid much attention to him when he started, but when he said "Marcia" he stopped paying attention to anything else.

"Yeah?" he prompted.

"WELL, they were reading some article or something where it said that since girls were doing everything else that men did, if they fell in love with a guy they should tell him so, just like he would tell them. And they got to arguing about it, and sis said she thought that was right but that she wouldn't do it. Marcia said it was a lot of hooey, that they shouldn't, because she said that if a girl was in love with a man, that would be the best way in the world to keep him from marrying her. She

"She and Sis were sitting inside. I was out on the porch, but I guess they didn't know I was there."

said as soon as a girl started throwing herself at a man that way, he'd run. Said it was the male instinct."

He stopped to chuckle some more. Mike swallowed.

"Yeah. Well? Go on; what're you waiting for?"

"I am. Well, they got to arguing about it, and finally they made a bet. Marcia bet sis six pairs of hose that she would propose to the first unmarried man that cut in on her this evening, and that he'd refuse her. Sis said that was unfair, but Marcia pointed out that she could marry just about anyone in town if she wanted to and went at it in a different way, and sis had to agree, for it's just about the truth. But this way, Marcia said, he'd be gentle with her and wriggle out of it some way."

Mike said nothing. After a few more giggles, Bill went on: "You know, I'd like to hear that. Just think, what if he took her up? Haw, haw! Ain't that a scream?"

"Huh?" Mike said hollowly. "Oh! Yeah. Yeah. Awful funny." He looked at Bill a moment and then very soberly said, "Ha-ha," and turned around and walked out on to the porch.

Bill looked at him a bit puzzledly, but someone came by and offered him a drink, so he forgot about unimportant matters like Mike acting dippy.

So that's what she had done! That's what he meant to her—just Exhibit A, just a laboratory specimen, just something to settle a bet. He wished to hell now that she had won the bet. Well, she *would* win the bet. She was going to win it in just a minute, just as soon as he could get her out here and tell her a few things. How he would tell her, too!

He started inside, but he never got there, for he had an idea on the way, and as it rounded out he stopped, and then slowly turned and walked back and sat on the rail.

She didn't want to marry him, or she wouldn't have done that. She said that was no way to get a man. So, since he had accepted her, she was in a hole.

Yea, verily, and she'd jolly well stay there a while, too. She'd stay there until she got herself out. He'd make her eat those words, and he would fix things so that would be

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anything but palatable, too. And then, after she had wriggled out, he'd tell her he had known all the time, and laugh at her. Maybe that would hurt her a little, and he wanted to hurt her. She had hurt him enough, Lord knows.

But he couldn't start right then; the bottom had been knocked too completely out of everything. So he went in and danced with her and bid her a very loving good night, saying he had to get home, for they were pouring concrete in the morning.

But the next night, when they were sitting on the steps, he began.

"You know, honey," he said, "I sure am glad you told me that last night. You see, I'd been in love with you for almost a month, but I didn't think I meant anything to you but someone to play golf with and while away dull evenings. I don't know whether I'd ever have told you or not. Gosh, it scares me to think what I almost missed! I guess if I had never known about it—known you loved me—it wouldn't have been so bad, but now, precious, that I do know, if anything should happen it sure would wreck me. I'm awfully happy. I didn't know I could be so happy."

He was sitting on the step below her, looking up at her. She smiled at him gently. "I'm glad you're happy, Mike. I am too." She ran her hands through his hair.

She was a good actress. He wondered when she was going to start getting out of this. Well, the longer she delayed the harder it was going to be for her, because he was going to get her in deeper all the time.

"And just think, darling," he said, "this is just the beginning. We've got from here on out. Oh, baby!" he sighed contentedly.

She looked away then, her brow a little troubled.

IT was hard to do, though, he found. Often and vehemently, in the next week, he cursed himself for a fool because he was still in love with her, but he went right on loving her.

He had an idea that the mill he was going through ground a lot harder than the one into which he was feeding her. He discovered, though, a way to make it easier on him. When he was with her he would simply pretend that it was all true, and then all he had to do was act natural.

He didn't kiss her often after the second night, though, for he couldn't pretend when he kissed her. It was too obvious that he was doing all the kissing. She took them, but she didn't give them back.

Once or twice she seemed about to say something. She would stare vacantly at nothing for a while and then she would turn to him, but when she did he would forestall her with another recital of adoration, and she wouldn't say it. He knew that she was kind enough—that she didn't want to hurt him if she could help it. Well, she already had, she couldn't make it any worse, but she would never know that.

The next week he saw her little, for there came five days of perfect weather. An hour before dawn the first truck rumbled under the loading chute, and as the first gray haze of daylight came, the mixer began its clatter and bang, and concrete was being poured. It was poured from then until twilight faded into night. Long hours for

everyone, and for him the longest. When he got home at night he had but enough energy to peel off his clothes and flop into bed.

But at three o'clock on the fifth day, Friday, the last yard of concrete was smoothed—the job was done. Almost three weeks ahead of the contract time, he had finished a job old B. B. had said he couldn't even get done on time. He guessed that would hold the old walrus for a while, little realizing that the old walrus would read his report and remark to himself with smug satisfaction, "I knew the young pup would do it if I told him he couldn't."

"WELL, it's done," he told Marcia that night.

"Then you'll be leaving soon?" she asked. Did she sound just a bit hopeful? He couldn't be certain.

"Yeah. I guess. There are a few little things to clear up—machinery to move and that sort of thing—but they won't take long. We must get married pretty soon, honey, 'cause I don't want to be away from you very long. Not more than five or ten minutes."

"Uh-huh," was all she said, and the way she said it it didn't mean a thing.

"Boy, that was some job!" he said, not pressing the point. "Just

tough enough to be fun. I think I need some celebration." "Why don't you take some, then? You've got it coming."

"You know, that's not a bad idea. I think I'll go up to K. C. tomorrow and see Ned Ivy, and hop out to Lawrence and see the game. Yeah, that's just what I'll do."

"Maybe I'll see you out there," she said. "Anne Hargiss and I may go out."

"Yeah," he said; "that'd be swell."

In the morning, as he kicked the starter of the gray roadster, there came an answering whir-r-r from the Lane garage across the street. Marcia? The sedan backed out of the drive and stopped beside him. Yes. Marcia.

"Good morning, merry sunshine," she greeted him. "Are you off?"

"Just before being," he said. "Not far, not for long, but, oh man, how fast!"

"Hope you have a nice time," she said.

She smiled at him, and it made him catch his breath, as it always did. Hell, he thought, if it were only true, if only she were to be his!

Suddenly he realized that he couldn't stand it any longer. He couldn't go on with it, couldn't make her give in. It was too rough on him. And as he realized this, all the resentment that had been growing at what she had done to him, at the misery she had delivered to him, surged into his throat. All he had to do was open his mouth and out it came.

Sitting there in the car, one elbow on the door, gazing at her levelly, he told her.

"I'm through," he said. "You win. I've known all along you did it on a bet, and I was going to make you back out, for punishment. But I can't do it. But it was a damn' lousy trick, if you want to know what I think, which you likely don't. Of course you didn't know that the first man that cut in on you would be one that was in love with you and that you'd hurt him a hell of a lot. But that doesn't excuse it. Even if I hadn't loved you, I guess you



He wondered when she was going to start getting out of this.

think it would have been fun telling you, when I thought you meant what you said. I wish I'd been able to go on and make you back out, and make it hard for you to do, too, but it was just too hard on me, and you've made me feel like hell, as well as silly. I hope you're satisfied with yourself."

He paused for just a moment, and then finished: "I won't see you any more, for I'll get someone else to come down here and clean up. Good-by."

He had the car in gear, and as he said this he released the clutch. The gray roadster lunged forward as though it had been kicked in a tender portion, and before she had time really to assimilate what he had said, much less to make a reply, he had turned the corner and was about to touch forty-five miles an hour, still in second gear.

Marcia nibbled at a finger for a moment and then drove off in the direction of the Hargiss home.

As he shot down the long hill just out of Bennetsville, totally oblivious to the brightly colored leaves of fall and other scenic treats, he muttered to himself. At first the mutters were merely mutters, with no certain purpose, but gradually they took on a semblance of continuity and coherence. A binge, that was what he needed, a good binge. He hadn't been on one for a long time.

Well, he'd go on one now. He would get Ned Ivy, and they'd throw one of those binges which none but strong men who have been All-Valley half backs the year before can undergo without prostration. The accelerator was already on the floor, and if it hadn't been a rugged floor it would no doubt have gone on through.

As he came into Kansas City, he remembered something and stopped at his own apartment for a moment. He was glad he had put those two bottles away for a rainy day. He tucked them into his grip and made good speed over to the Woodburne apartments, where Ned, who already had a lot of money and was rapidly making more, had a modest little hutch of six or eight rooms on the top floor.

HE went up and opened the door. Ned was sitting at the piano, in his pyjamas. He looked up.

"Hello, Snakehips," he said. "Have a drink?"

"Hello, Little Poison," replied Mike. "Sure."

They went into the kitchen, and Ned said, "Look, rum. Bacardi rum, right from Cuba." Mike opened his grip and said, "Look, gin. High and dry gin, right from Thirteenth Street, Kansas City."

It happened that they had two bottles of each. "I wonder—" Ned said reflectively. "I wonder—" He looked at the bottles and then at Mike. "Did you ever?" he asked.

"Nope, but you can't scare me."

"O. K., you bold, bad man," said Ned, getting out a crock. They opened the four bottles and emptied them into the crock. Ned got out twelve half-pint flasks and they filled them, which left about a pint and a half in the crock.

"One thing," Ned said, "no matter how it tastes, it's bound to have influence." He filled two cocktail glasses and handed one to Mike. "Here's to a noble experiment," he said.

They tossed, and looked at each other with astonishment.

"Boop-boop-a-doop," said Mike.

"Exactly," said Ned, refilling the glasses.

Then Ned started dressing, and by noon he was nearly finished. So was the crock. The experiment was good just as it stood, and they found, about the fourth round, that with a little grenadine and lemon juice it made temperance simply unthinkable.

They stowed an encouraging number of the flasks about them and headed the gray roadster for Lawrence. They went into the locker room and saw coach, who was glad to see them and invited them to sit on the players' bench.

"I wish I had you two in there today," he told them, "and I wouldn't feel as unsafe as I do now."

"The way we feel now," Ned told him, "you wouldn't need anyone else. Just someone to throw the ball back to us."

The coach grinned and went back to the team, and they ducked around the corner for a quick one, for, as Mike

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]



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pointed out, it might look funny for a couple of guys to sit on the players' bench and drink noble experiments.

They both went on out then, and pretty soon the game started. After it had been going on a while, Ned asked, "Which game you watching?"

"Both," said Mike. "Just think, two games for the price of one noble experiment. Not bad, huh?"

The half ended and they trotted around the corner again, and came back and saw their team come from behind to win by two points, or four if they counted both games. Which called for a drink, but didn't have to call long.

On the way back to Kansas City Mike ruminated on the fact that he hadn't become more than mildly lit as yet. Ned hadn't either, but then Ned never did. As they had been coming out of the stadium Mike had thought for a moment that he saw Marcia, but he lost the girl in the crowd, so he wasn't sure. He didn't want to see her, anyhow. That, he assured himself, was out.

But out or not, whether he thought of her consciously or not, he knew she was lodged in the back of his mind all the time, and the fact that he couldn't budge her annoyed him. What he needed was a drink. Ned offered no objections.

They floated up in the elevator at the Woodburne. It was Saturday night, the night after the big game, and all down the long, dark-carpeted hall, through half-open doors, came the clink of ice in glasses, low laughter, gay voices, and muted music from phonographs.

"Well, well!" Mike said. "I didn't know that heaven was right here on Armour Boulevard! Well, well, how convenient!"

"Yeah, aren't those swell noises? Say, I just thought—I'm going to have a party tonight. C'mon, we better get things ready. I don't know just who'll be here, but I told an awful lot of 'em."

Ned got on the phone and ordered lavishly—alcohol and near beer to put it in, for those who liked beer—rum, whisky, and gin—lemons, limes, and ginger ale.

"Goodness gracious, Little Poison," Mike said admiringly, "you sure must be going to have a good one. Who's gonna mix all that?"

"That's an idea," Ned admitted, and dashed down to the garage in the basement and got one of the chauffeurs to act as a bartender. He came back and they bathed, shaved, and dressed. Ned sat down at the piano, banged a few vigorous chords for attention, and announced: "Come on, party!"

Then he decided that perhaps he hadn't asked enough people, so they went out in the hall and peered in through the doors and if the people within looked promising, they invited them to the party. Most of them accepted. All of them were young.

They went back and waited, and whiled away the time with a little more experimentation. They didn't have to wait long, and once the guests began to arrive, it looked like a parade, except that it didn't go past. The crowd was from both universities, and soon fights were brewing with the inevitable result that the prospective participants would decide that they'd rather have a drink than fight, anyhow.

IT was a good party by ten, and by twelve it was wonderful. There was laughter and beauty in every room, and a huge punch bowl, behind which the grinning black boy wielded the ladle with great enthusiasm, and from which hung a sign lettered: NOBLE EXPERIMENT. Ned had produced a little orchestra from somewhere and in three rooms there was dancing with just enough stags to make it interesting.

Why, Mike asked himself a bit irritably, didn't he go on and have a swell time? Why didn't he get that girl off his mind? There were plenty of girls here, and not a dud in the bunch. That was an idea, he decided, and he began to concentrate on a warm-looking blonde who said that she had seen him play football a lot of times the year before. Finally he got Marcia off his mind.

And then, just as though she had waited purposely, maliciously, until he had got her off his mind, she came through the door with Anne and Bill Hargiss.

He was smoking a cigarette, and he bit it savagely in two and threw the mangled remains in the fireplace.

"What's the matter?" asked the blonde solicitously.

"Oh, nothing. I always do that before I throw a cigarette away. Come on, let's dance."

They danced, and he didn't look at Marcia at all. Someone cut in on him, and he went into another room. That was a damn' fine trick, after she had spoiled the last three weeks, to come up here now and spoil this party. Why, just seeing her had taken off what little edge he had managed to acquire by industrious application throughout the day. Well, he could remedy that. At any rate, he could try—and would.



HE marched grimly and purposefully to the punch bowl, and there stationed himself with an air of great permanence. After he had been there for about twenty minutes, giving his whole time and attention to emptying the bowl, the emergency bartender looked at him and remarked reverently:

"Mah goodness, Mr. Mike, what is you got holdin' you up, huh?"

"I wish I knew," he said, as someone touched him on the arm.

He turned his head. It was Marcia. He didn't say anything.

"Come out here," she said. "I've got something to tell you." She led him out on to a little balcony off the corner room. It was foggy outside, and far below them the lights glowed dimly and unreally.

"You don't need to apologize," he said. "It doesn't make any difference. It was just an accident, anyhow."

"I wasn't going to," she said, and then was silent for a moment. "I guess I could, but I hadn't thought of it, for that doesn't make any difference now. That's over. You were right—I did do it on a bet; but there isn't any bet now, and I want you to listen very closely."

She paused and took a deep breath, and went on: "I don't know how you feel about me now, but in the last three weeks I've fallen in love with you and I've done a remarkably thorough job of it. If you don't love me now—why, you don't; but if you do—if you do, Mike, I wish to hell you'd marry me."

He looked at her for a moment, wondering. What was this? More of the same thing, huh? Just rubbing it in. Well, there was one way to find out. He jerked her roughly into his arms and kissed her, almost viciously.

But this time, he realized suddenly, he wasn't doing a bit more than half the kissing, and he was doing everything he knew, too. And now the fact that it was the second time he had been proposed to didn't mitigate its effectiveness in the least. But in a moment he managed to grin and say: "Any time, lady; absolutely any time."

By now they were inextricably tangled up in each other's arms, which didn't appear to annoy either of them. Just to be sure, he kissed her again. After he had reassured himself frequently for about ten minutes he said, "Gee, honey, just think, when the party is over we'll just have time to drive out to Olathe or some place and get married before breakfast. I always did like to get married before breakfast. Won't that be swell, huh?"

"Yes, of course. But why don't you stop that chattering and kiss me once in a while?"

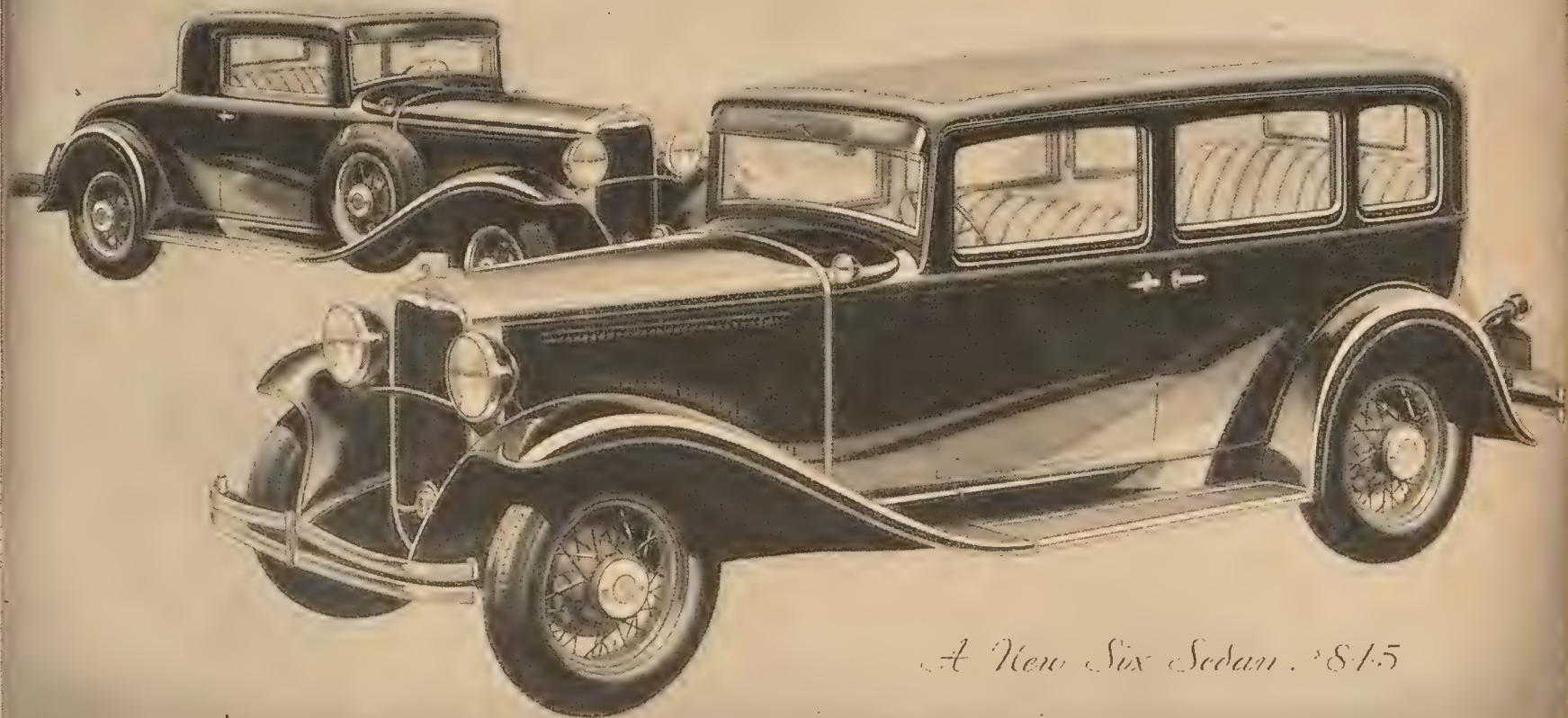
They started for Olathe or some place about five that morning. The streets were deserted, and in the early morning light the street lamps blinked feebly, uselessly. He had the delicious feeling that they were absolutely alone in the world. He chuckled.

"What're you laughing about?" she asked, as she arranged herself in the seat so that a fat man could have got in between her and the door.

"I was just thinking," he said, "that when we get back to Bennetsville, everyone will think that we came up here with the intention of getting married."

"Well," she said, snuggling her head down on his shoulder, "at that, they'll be half right."

THE END

A New Eight Coupe. \$1095*A New Six Sedan. \$845*

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Dodge Brothers present a new Dodge Six and a new Dodge Eight—the most beautiful, comfortable and able cars in Dodge history. It continues to be Dodge Brothers conviction that the most important thing about a motor car is that it be a good motor car—so designed and so built of sound materials that it may last long and operate dependably.

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New Dodge Six \$815 to \$845, New Dodge Eight \$1095 to \$1135, Standard Six \$735 to \$835, Standard Eight \$995 to \$1095. Prices f. o. b. factory

A HEADLINE HUNTER

Adventure
WOUNDED*How It Feels
to Be SHOT*

By

FLOYD GIBBONS

(Reading time: 21 min. 42 sec.)

AS a police reporter I had covered scores of shooting cases. I had spoken to victims of shootings. But somehow I never could learn exactly how it felt to be shot.

When I rode with Pancho Villa in Mexico, I saw people shot—saw them fall dazedly off horses—saw them roll on the ground, some in convulsions; others lying quite still, staring up at the sky.

What was the exact sensation of these people? I asked all that should have been able to tell:

"How does it feel to be shot? What is the exact sensation when that piece of lead tears its way through your flesh or crashes through your bones?"

All the replies I got were unsatisfactory.

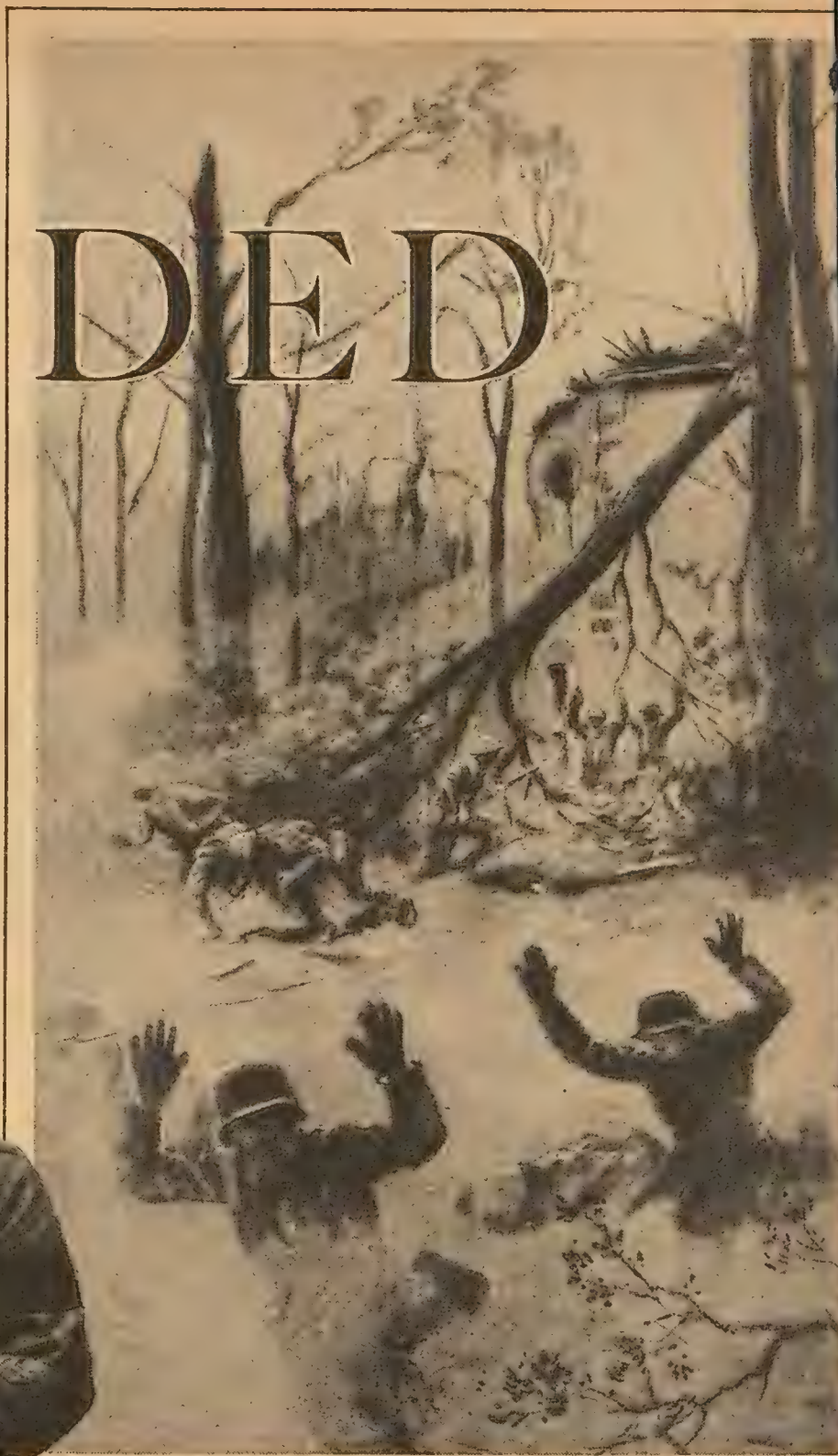
I finally got the answer—but not the way I wanted it. The answer was three German bullets. Curiosity killed a cat, and it almost killed me.

It happened on June 6, 1918, just to the northwest of Château-Thierry, in Belleau Wood. That morning, when I left Paris by motor for a rush to the front, the Germans were within forty miles of the capital of France. The night before, citizens of Paris, in their homes and hotels, had heard the rumble of the guns drawing ever nearer. Many had left or were fleeing the city.

American divisions were in the line between the enemy and their goal. The operation of these divisions was my object in hustling to the front. On the broad paved highway from Paris to Meaux, my car passed miles and miles of loaded motor trucks bound for the front. On the other side of



Floyd Gibbons on his return to America in 1918.



Our men gained the woods.

the road, bound for Paris and points back of the line, was an endless stream of ambulances and other motor trucks bringing back wounded. Dense clouds of dust hung over the road. The day was hot, the dust was stifling.

FROM Meaux we proceeded along the straight highway that borders the south bank of the Marne to La Ferté, at which place we crossed the river and turned north to Montreuil, the newly occupied headquarters of the Second A. E. F. Division, which General Omar Bundy was commanding. On the day before, the two infantry brigades of that division, one composed of the Fifth and Sixth U. S. Marines, under command of Brigadier General James G. Harbord, the other composed of the Ninth and Twenty-third U. S. Infantry, had been thrown into the line.

The fighting had been hot during the morning. The marines on the left flank of the divisional sector were pushing their lines forward through Triangle Woods and the village of Lucy le Bocage. The news of their advances was given to me by the divisional intelligence officer, who occupied



We heard shouting and cries. The work was being done with the bayonet.

a large room in the rear of the building used as divisional headquarters. That building was the village *mairie*, which also included the village schoolhouse. Now the desks of the school children were being used by our staff officers and the walls and blackboards were covered with maps.

I was accompanied by Lieutenant Al Hartzell, formerly of the New York Times staff. We learned that orders from the French High Command called for a continuation of the marine advance during the afternoon and evening, and this information made it possible for us to make our plans.

Although the Germans were shelling roads immediately behind the front, Lieutenant Hartzell and I agreed to proceed by motor from Montreuil a mile or so to a place called La Voie du Châtel, the headquarters of W. C. Neville, then colonel of the Fifth Marines, now a major general and Commandant of the Marine Corps. We arrived at four o'clock and announced to Colonel Neville our intention of proceeding at once to the front line.

"Go wherever you like," said the regimental commander, "but I want to tell you it's damn' hot up there!"

An hour later found us in the woods to the west of the village of Lucy le Bocage, in which German shells were continually falling. To the west and north a cluster of farm dwellings was in flames. Huge clouds of smoke rolled up like a smudge against the background of blue sky.

The ground under the trees in the wood was covered with small bits of white paper. I examined several of them and I found that these were letters from American

mothers and wives and sweethearts—letters, whole packages of them. The tired, dog-weary marines had been forced to remove this mail from their packs and destroy it in order to ease the straps that cut aching grooves in their shoulders. Other material and equipment were abandoned for similar reasons.

OCCASIONAL shells were dropping in these woods, which were also within range of enemy machine-gun fire. Bits of lead sang through the air above our heads and clipped leaves and twigs from the branches. On the edge of the woods we came upon a hastily dug pit in which there were two American machine guns and their crews.

The field in front of the woods sloped gently down some 200 yards to another cluster of trees. This cluster was almost as big as the one we were in. Part of it was occupied by the Germans and our machine-guns

ners maintained a continual fire into that part.

Five minutes before five o'clock, the order for the advance was brought to our pit by a second lieutenant.

"What are you doing here?" he asked, looking at the green brassard and red C on my left arm.

"Looking for the big story," I said.

"If I were you I'd be about forty miles south of this place," said the lieutenant. "But if you want to see the fun, stick around. We are going forward in five minutes."

I didn't see him again until days later, when both of us, wounded, met in the hospital. Then the first thing he said was, "I told you so."

At that time, however, the lieutenant and myself hurriedly finished the contents of the can of cold corned willy which one of the machine gunners and I had been eating. The machine guns were taken down. The barrels, cradles, and tripods were handed over to members of the crew whose duty it was to carry them.

And then we started. There was no bugle call, no sword-waving, no theatricalism. It was just plain get up and go over. And it was done just the same as one would walk across a peaceful wheatfield out in Iowa.

But the moment our first line stepped from the shelter of the woods into the open exposure of the flat field, the woods opposite began to crackle and rattle with enemy machine-gun fire. Our men advanced in open order, ten

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[WOUNDED; HOW IT FEELS TO BE SHOT]

Continued from page thirty-one

and twelve feet between men. Sometimes a squad would run forward fifty feet and drop. As its members flattened on the ground for safety, another squad would rise from the ground and make another rush.

They gained the woods. We heard shouting and cries. We recognized those sounds—the work was being done with the bayonet. The machine-gun fire continued, then suddenly died down completely. The woods had been taken. Our men moved forward in groups, on the watch for snipers in the trees. A number of these snipers were brought down by our crack pistol shots.

At different times during the advance, runners had come through the woods inquiring for Major Benjamin S. Berry, the battalion commander. One of these runners attached himself to Lieutenant Hartzell and myself. The three of us located the major coming through the woods. He granted permission for Lieutenant Hartzell and me to accompany him. We started forward. In all, our party consisted of fifteen men, including ten runners attached to the battalion commander.

Owing to the continual evidences of German snipers in the trees, everyone in our party, with the exception of myself, carried a revolver ready in his hand. Correspondents are noncombatants and must be unarmed. In my hand I carried a notebook. It wasn't a weapon, but it was loaded. I had taken a lot of notes. We made our way down the slope of the wooded hillside.

Midway down the slope, the hill was bisected by a sunken road which turned forward on the left. Lying in the road were a number of French bodies and also the bodies of several of our men who had been brought down but five minutes before. We crossed that road hurriedly, knowing that it was covered from the left by German machine guns.

At the bottom of the slope there was a V-shaped field.

The apex of the V was on the left. From left to right the field was some 200 yards long. The point where we came out of the woods was about 100 yards wide. The field was perfectly flat and was covered with a young crop of oats between ten and fifteen inches high.

This V-shaped oatfield was bordered on all sides by dense woods. In the trees opposite where we stood were German machine guns. We could hear them. We could not see them, but we knew that every leaf and piece of greenery there vibrated from their fire and the tops of the young oats waved and swayed with the streams of lead that swept across.

MAJOR BERRY gave orders for us to follow him at intervals of ten to fifteen yards. He started across the field alone at the head of the party. I followed. Behind me came Hartzell. The woods about us began to rattle fiercely. Bullets kicked up in the dirt around our feet.

Major Berry had advanced well beyond the center of the field when I saw him turn and heard him shout:

"Get down, everybody!"

We all fell on our faces. And then it began to come hot and fast. Withering streams of lead swept the tops of the oats just over us. This fire did not come from the trees, hardly a hundred yards in front of us, where we knew there were machine-gun nests. This fire came from a new direction—from the left.

I was busily engaged flattening myself on the ground, when I heard a shout in front of me. It came from Major

Berry. I lifted my head cautiously and looked forward. The major was making an effort to get to his feet. With his right hand he was savagely grasping his left wrist.

"My hand's gone!" he shouted. One of the streams of lead from the left had found him. A bullet had entered his left arm at the elbow, had traveled down the side of the bone, tearing away muscle and nerves of the forearm and lodging itself in the palm of his hand. His pain was excruciating.

"Get down. Flatten out, major!" I shouted, and he dropped to the ground. I did not know the extent of his injuries at that time but I did know that he was courting death every minute he stood up.

"We've got to get out of here," said the major. "We've got to get forward. They'll start shelling this open field in a few minutes."

I LIFTED my head for another cautious look.

I judged that I was lying about thirty yards from the edge of the trees in front of us. The major was about ten

yards in front of me.

"You are twenty yards from the trees," I shouted to the major. "I am crawling over to you now. Wait until I get there and I'll help you. Then we'll get up and make a dash for it."

"All right," replied the major. "Hurry along."

I started forward, keeping as flat on the ground as it was possible to do so and at the same time move. As far as was feasible, I pushed forward by digging in with my toes. I tried to make as little movement in the oats as possible. I was not mistaken about the intensity of fire that swept the field. It was terrific.

And then it happened. The lighted end of a cigarette touched me in the fleshy part of my upper left arm. That was all.

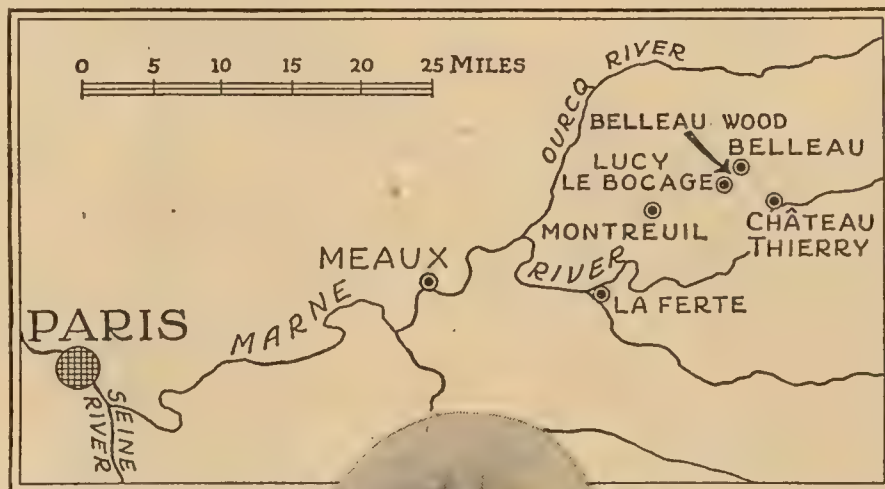
At the time there was no feeling within the arm, that is, no feeling as to aches or pain. There was nothing to indicate that the bullet, as I learned several days later, had gone through the biceps muscle of the upper arm and had come out on the other side. The only sensation perceptible at the time was the burning touch at the spot where the bullet entered.

I glanced down at the sleeve of my uniformed coat and could not even see the hole where the bullet had entered. Neither was there any sudden flow of blood. At the time there was no stiffness or discomfort in the arm and I continued to use it to work my way forward.

Then the second one hit. It nicked the top of my left shoulder. And again came the burning sensation, only this time the area affected seemed larger, the bullet hitting as it did in the meaty cap of the shoulder. I feared that there would be no further use for the arm until it had received attention; but again I was surprised when I found, upon experiment, that I could still use it. The bone seemed to be affected in no way.

Again there was no sudden flow of blood, no stiffness. It seemed hard for me to believe at the time, but I had been shot twice, penetrated by two bullets, and was experiencing no more pain than I had experienced once when I dropped a lighted cigarette on the back of my hand. I am certain that the pain in no way approached that sensation which the dentist provides when he drills into a tooth with a live nerve in it.

So I continued to move toward the major. Occasionally I would shout something to him, although at this time I am unable to remember what it was. I only wanted to let him know I was coming. I had fears, based on the one look I had obtained of his pain-distorted face,



U. S. Official photo

General Omar Bundy.

The map shows the battle ground about Château-Thierry and its relation to Paris, the Germans' goal.

that he had been mortally shot in the body.

And then the third one struck me. In order to keep as close to the ground as possible, I had swung my chin to the right, so that I was pushing forward with my left cheek flat against the ground, and in order to accommodate this position of the head I had moved my steel helmet over so that it covered part of my face on the right.

Then there came a crash. It sounded to me as if someone had dropped a glass bottle into a porcelain bathtub. A barrel of whitewash tipped over and it seemed that everything in the world turned white. That was the sensation. I did not recognize it because I have often heard it said that when one receives a blow on the head everything turns black.

Maybe I am contrarily constructed, but in my case everything became pure white. I remember this distinctly because years of newspaper training had been in but one direction—to sense and remember. So it was that, even without knowing it, my mind was making mental notes on every impression that my senses registered.

I did not know yet where I had been hit or what the bullet had done. I knew that I was still knowing things. I did not know whether I was alive or dead, but I did know that my mind was still working. I was still mentally taking notes on every second.

The first recess in that note-taking came when I asked myself the following question:

"Am I dead?"

I DIDN'T laugh or even smile when I asked myself the question without putting it in words. I wanted to know. And wanting to know, I undertook to find out. I am not aware now that there was any appreciable passage of time during this mental progress. I feel certain, however, that I never lost consciousness.

How was I to find out if I was dead? The shock had lifted my head off the ground, but I had immediately replaced it as close to the soil as possible. My twice-punctured left arm was lying alongside my left leg. I decided to try and move the fingers on my left hand. I did so and they moved. I next moved my left foot. Then I knew I was alive.

Then I brought my right hand up toward my face and placed it to the left of my nose. My fingers rested on something soft and wet. I withdrew the hand and looked at it. It was covered with blood. As I looked at it, I was not aware that my entire vision was confined to my right eye, although there was considerable pain in the entire left side of my face.

This was sufficient to send me on another mental investigation. I closed my right eye and—all was dark. My first thought following this experiment was that my left eye was closed. So I again counseled with myself and tried to open my left eye—that is, tried to give the mental command

that would cause the muscles of the left eye to open the lid and close it again.

I did this but could not feel or verify in any way whether the eyelid responded or not. I only knew that it remained dark on that side. This brought me to another conclusion and not a pessimistic one at that. I simply believed, in spite of the pain, that something had struck me in the eye and had closed it.

I did not know then, as I know now, that a bullet striking the ground immediately under my left cheek bone had ricocheted upward, going completely through the left eye and then crashing out through my forehead, leaving the eyeball and upper eyelid

completely halved, the lower eyelid torn away, and a compound fracture of the skull.

Further progress toward the major was impossible. I must confess that I became so intensely interested in my weird sensations and subjective research that I even neglected to call out and tell the wounded officer that I would not be able to continue to his assistance. I was able to observe some minutes later that the wounded major rose to his feet and, in a perfect hail of lead, rushed forward and out of my line of vision.

It was several days later, in the hospital, that I learned that he reached the shelter of the woods be-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Good coffee *quick!*



"Tom said even his Mother had never managed that"

"If every man told the truth, I suppose he'd say that his mother managed things better than any mere wife possibly could... I know Tom feels that way—about everything except my G. Washington's Coffee!"

Everywhere women have learned that with the coffee problem solved half the work and worry of getting the family breakfast is banished as if by magic!

Put a teaspoonful of the new G. Washington's in a cup, add hot water and you have fresh, full-flavored 100% coffee. No waiting, no fussing with pots or percolators. And no cleaning up afterward!

The new G. Washington's is pure coffee with all grounds removed. It

is scientifically prepared to dissolve instantly in either hot or cold water—to give you fine, fresh flavored coffee quickly and easily.

Try this modern cup-made coffee for breakfast to-morrow. Order it from your grocer now. You will find that the small can makes as many cups as a large can of ordinary coffee. For FREE SAMPLE, write the G. Washington Coffee Refining Co., 210 Hanover Ave., Morris Plains, N.J.

G. Washington's
COFFEE
the coffee part of the coffee bean

[WOUNDED; HOW IT FEELS TO BE SHOT]
Continued from page thirty-three

yond without being hit again, and in that place, although suffering intense pain, was able to shout back orders which resulted in the subsequent wiping out of the machine-gun nest that had been my undoing. For this effort General Pershing decorated him with the Distinguished Service Cross.

I began to make plans to get out of the exposed position in which I was lying. Whereas the field, when I started across it, had seemed perfectly flat, now it impressed me as being convex; and I was further impressed with the belief that I was lying on the very uppermost and most exposed curvature of it. There is no doubt that the continued stream of machine-gun lead that swept the field induced this belief. I got as close to the ground as a piece of paper on top of a table. I

remember regretting sincerely that the war had reached the stage of open movement, as a consequence of which there wasn't a shell hole anywhere to crawl into.

This did not, however, eliminate the dangerous possibility of shelling. With the fatalism that one acquires along the fronts, I was ready to take my chance with the casual German shell that one might have expected, but I devoted much thought to a consideration of the French and American artillery some miles behind me. I considered the possibility of word having been sent back about enemy machine-gunners who were still in position, preventing all progress at this place. I knew that such information, if sent back, would immediately be relayed to our guns and then a devastating concentration of shells would be directed at the location of the machine-gun nests.

I knew that I was lying 100 yards from one of those nests and I knew that I was well within the fatal bursting radius of shells our gunners might direct against that German target. My fear was that myself and other American wounded lying in that field would die by American guns. That is what would have happened if that information had reached our artillery, and it is what should have happened.

The lives of the wounded in that field were as nothing compared with the importance of wiping out that machine-gun nest on our left, which was holding up the entire advance.

I wanted to see what time it was. My watch was attached to my left wrist. In endeavoring to get a look at it, I found out that my left arm had now become stiff and racked with pain. Hartzell, I knew, had a watch, but I did not know where he was lying, so I called out.

HE answered me from some distance away, but I could not tell how far or in what direction. I could see dimly but only at the expense of great pain. When he answered I shouted back to him:

"Are you hit?"

"No; are you?" he asked.

"Yes; what time is it?" I said.

"Are you hit badly?" he asked in reply.

"No, I don't think so," I said. "I think I'm all right."

"Where are you hit?" he asked.

"In the head," I said. "I think something hit my eye."

"In the head, you damn fool!" he shouted louder, with

just a bit of anger and surprise in his voice. "How the hell can you be all right if you are hit in the head? Are you bleeding much?"

"No," I said. "What time is it, will you tell me?"

"I'm coming over to get you," shouted Hartzell.

"Don't move, you damn' fool—you want to kill both of us?" I hastened to shout back.

"If you start moving don't move near me. I think they think I'm dead."

"Well, you can't lie there and bleed to death," Hartzell replied. "We've got to do something to get to hell out of here. What'll we do?"

"Tell me what time it is and how long it will be before it's dark," I said.

"IT'S six o'clock now," Hartzell said, "and it won't be dark till nine; this is June. Do you think you can stick it out?"

I told him that I thought I could and we were silent for some time. Both of us had the feeling that other ears—ears working in conjunction with eyes trained

along the barrels of those machine guns a hundred yards to our left—would be aroused to better marksmanship if we continued to talk.

I began to take stock of my condition. During my year or more along the fronts I had been through many hospitals and from my observations in those institutions I had cultivated a keen distaste for one thing—gas gangrene. I had learned from doctors

its fatal and horrible results and I also had learned from them that it was caused by germs which exist in large quantities in any ground that has been under cultivation for a long period.

Such was the character of the very field I was lying in and I came to the realization that the wound in the left side of my face and head was resting flatly on the soil. With my right hand I drew up my British box respirator or gas mask and placed this under my head. Thus I rested with more confidence, although the machine-gun lead continued to pass in sheets through the tops of the oats not two or three inches above my head.

Twenty feet away on my right a wounded marine was lying. Occasionally I would open my right eye for a painful look in his direction.

He was wounded and apparently unconscious. His pack was still strapped between his shoulders. Unconsciously he was doing that which all wounded men do—that is, attempting to assume the position that is the most comfortable. He was trying to roll over on his back.

But the pack was on his back and every time he would roll over on this, it would elevate his body into full view of the German gunners. Then a withering hail of lead would sweep the field. It so happened that I was lying immediately in line between those German guns and this unconscious moving target. As the marine would roll over on top of the pack, his chest would be exposed to the fire.

I could see the buttons fly from his tunic and one of the shoulder straps of the back pack part as the sprays of lead struck him. He would limply roll off the pack over on his side. I found myself wishing that he would lie still, as every movement of his brought those streams of bullets closer and closer to my head. I even considered the thickness of the box respirator on which I had elevated my head off the ground. It was about two inches thick.



A landmark the marines remember. The house that survived Belleau Wood's shot, shell, and gas inferno.



*U. S. Official photos
A wartime picture of Wendell Cushing Neville, now head of the Marine Corps.*

I remembered my French gas mask hanging from my shoulder and recalled immediately that it was much flatter, being hardly half an inch in thickness. I forthwith drew up the French mask to my head, extracted the British one, and rested my cheek closer to the ground on the French one. Thus, I lowered my head about an inch and a half—an inch and a half that represented worlds of satisfaction and some optimism to me.

Sometimes there were lulls in the firing. During these periods of comparative quiet, I could hear the occasional moan of other wounded on that field. Very few of them cried out and it seemed to me that those who did were unconscious when they did it.

Those three hours were long in passing. With the successive volleys that swept the field, I sometimes lost hope that I could ever survive them.

I thought that hour between seven and eight o'clock dragged, but the one between eight and nine seemed interminable, especially when we considered that a German machine gun could fire three hundred shots a minute. Dusk approached slowly. And finally Hartzell called over.

"I don't think they can see us now," he said. "Let's start to crawl back."

"WHICH way shall we crawl?" I asked.

"Into the woods," said Hartzell.

"Which woods?" I asked.

"The woods you came out of, you damn' fool," he replied.

"Which direction are

they in?" I said. "I've been moving around and I don't know which way I am heading. Are you on my left, or on my right?"

"I can't tell whether I'm on your left or your right," he replied. "How are you lying, on your face or on your back?"

"On my face," I said, "and your voice sounds like it comes from in back of me on the left."

"If that's the case," said Hartzell, "your head is lying toward the wrong woods. Work around in a half circle and you'll be facing the right direction."

I DID so and then heard Hartzell's voice on my right. I started moving toward him. Against my better judgment and expressed wishes, he crawled out toward me and met me halfway. His voice close in front of me surprised me.

"Hold your head up a little," he said. "I want to see where it hit you."

"I don't think it looks very nice," I replied, lifting my head. I wanted to know how it looked myself, so I painfully opened the right eye and looked through the oats eighteen inches into Hartzell's face. I saw the look of horror on it as he looked into mine.

Twenty minutes later, after crawling painfully through the interminable yards of young oats, we reached the edge of the woods and safety.

That's how it feels to be shot.

THE END

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 20

1—The prescribed dress worn by clergymen when officiating.

2—A fragrant gum resin obtained from various East Indian trees.

3—Ham.

4—From the name of its inventor, Antoine Joseph Sax.

5—The Spanish-American War.

6—Days of tranquillity and peace.

7—Insincere public action or speech.

8—In Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

9—The carat.

10—Oliver Goldsmith.

11—Iran.

12—The height on mountains at which the growth of trees stops.

13—One thirty-second.

14—A decisive, finishing stroke.

15—Needless repetition.

16—A tomb or monument erected in honor of a person who is buried elsewhere.

17—Treeless plains of northern arctic regions.

18—Hibernia.

19—Arabic.

20—Commander.

LIPS now stay lovely

8 full hours

New 8-hour lip coloring formulated on entirely new color principle. Just discovered in Paris by Edna Wallace Hopper. Waterproof. Wearproof. Indelible. Ends constant "making-up."

EDNA WALLACE HOPPER, famous stage beauty, discovered it in Paris. A lip color that banishes all the smearing and fleeting life of present ways in make-up. An utterly new kind of lipstick.

She sent it to Hollywood, and it swept through the studios like a storm. Old-time lipsticks were discarded overnight.

Now—Kissproof, the world's largest makers of lipsticks, has obtained the formula from Miss Hopper, and offers its amazing results to you. A totally New type of lipstick, different from any other you have ever tried—Kissproof or any other kind.

You put it on before you go out. Then forget about it. Six hours, eight hours later your lips are still naturally lovely!

No more constant making-up. No more fuss and bother. Do you wonder that women are flocking to its use?

Utterly NEW Principle

It is different in formula and result from any previously known lipstick. It does what no



You apply when you go out

other lipstick does or has ever done... actually seems to last indefinitely.

That's because the color pigment it embodies has never before been used in a lipstick. It holds where others smear and wear—yet it leaves no trace of greasy residue.

Then, too, it is a true, NATURAL color. Thus it ends that artificial smirk women have tried for years to overcome. A color that glorifies the lips to pulse-quicken loveliness—trust the French for that!

What To Ask For

To obtain, simply ask for the New Kissproof Indelible Lipstick (or Lip and Cheek Rouge). And remember it is NOT the "same" as any



Eight hours later—lovely lips!

other lipstick known. Don't believe that just because you have tried Kissproof before—that you have tried this one. You haven't; this is ENTIRELY NEW.

Owing to tremendous demand, the price is as little as 50c—Edna Wallace Hopper paid \$2.50 for the original in Paris. Two forms at all toilet counters—lipstick and lip and cheek rouge.

The NEW Kissproof Indelible LIPSTICK

Lipstick—Black and red enamel swivel case, 75c. Black and gold case, 50c. Lip and Cheek Rouge—purse size, red and black enamel vanity with mirror, 50c. Newest Parisian Shades: Theatrical, Natural, Raspberry, Orange

Taking Life LIGHTLY

*Mirth and Melody Predominate
in the Week's Potpourri of Pictures*

Two Pages of Movie Reviews by
KATE CAMERON

(Reading time: 8 min. 15 sec.)

- 1 star means fairly good.
- 2 stars, good.
- 3 stars, excellent.
- 4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★ ONE

HEAVENLY NIGHT

CAST

Lilli.....Evelyn Laye
Mirko.....John Boles
Otto.....Leon Errol
Fritzi.....Lilyan Tashman
Janos.....Hugh Cameron
Produced by Samuel Goldwyn.
Directed by George Fitzmaurice.

TWO well known writers pooled their talent in creating the story of Lilli: Louis Bromfield and Sidney Howard. The picture has had a half dozen titles, but finally reached presentation under the completely hackneyed one above. It is a light, fluffy story, bordering on *risqué* situations. It has been adroitly directed and is charmingly acted by Evelyn Laye in the rôle of the lovely Lilli who wanted to be wild but couldn't quite be anything but herself, which was

something sweet and like a lady. Lilyan Tashman, as Fritzi, is the real wild woman of the story and she is a good foil for the lovely Englishwoman.



*The sophisticated come-
offers you John Boles*

bits, too, that will amuse you. The settings are lovely.

Evelyn Laye wears her clothes with *chic*, and John Boles is all dressed up in the native Hungarian costume for counts.

★ ★ ★ VIENNESE NIGHTS

CAST

Otto.....Alexander Gray
Elsa.....Vivienne Segal
Hoher.....Jean Hersholt
Franz.....Walter Pidgeon
Gretl.....Louise Fazenda
Barbara.....Alice Day
Gus.....Bert Roach
Mary.....June Purcell
Produced by Warner Brothers.
Directed by Alan Crosland.

An operetta that is slightly reminiscent of *Bitter Sweet* and other operettas, but that has a charm of its own nevertheless—that is *Viennese Nights*. It is done in Technicolor and has been directed with care and attention to

There're some charming scenes in Viennese Nights. Above you'll see Alexander Gray and Vivienne Segal in one of them.

This is Evelyn Laye's début in pictures, but she is well known on the stage in New York and in London.

John Boles and Miss Laye sing beautifully together. The music is incidental.

Leon Errol does one of his well known drunk scenes.

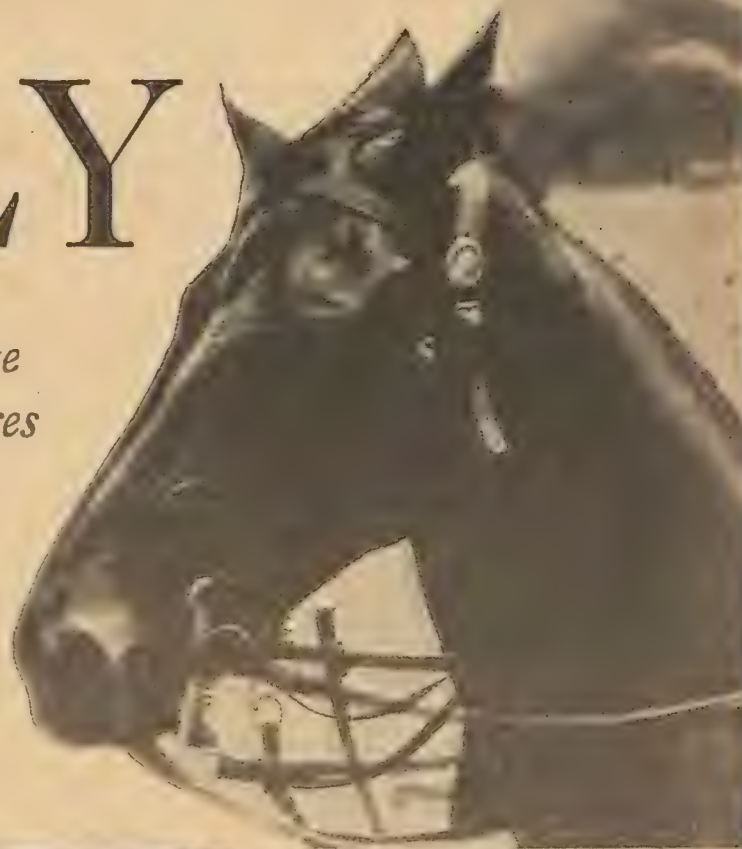
He has other funny

the colorful background of Vienna in the early eighties and New York in the nineties. The score by Sigmund Romberg is tuneful, and Vivienne Segal, Alexander Gray, and Walter Pidgeon do full justice to it.

It is rather slow of movement, but the story is appealing enough to hold your interest throughout. I think if the rôles played by Gray and Pidgeon had been exchanged it would have been to the advantage of the romance. Pidgeon's personality is the more striking of the two



*Zasu Pitts, Joe E. Brown, and Jeanette MacDonald
in the musical movie, The Lottery Bride.*





...ne Heavenly Night,
...nd Evelyn Laye.

★ ★ THE PRINCESS AND THE PLUMBER

CAST

Charlie Peters Charles Farrell
Princess Louise Maureen O'Sullivan
Prince Conrad H. B. Warner
Berkl Joseph Cawthorne
Albert Bowers Bert Roach
Arnon von Kemper Lucien Prival
Ford Worthing Murray Kinnell
Miss Eden Louise Closser Hale
Produced by Fox.
Directed by Alexander Korda.

This story has been directed with a lightness and charm that make it thoroughly entertaining. It was written as a serial originally by Alice Quier Miller. It is the unbelievable but amusing story of a little princess, in one of those imaginary Balkan principalities, whose profligate papa goes off to Paris to spend the rent while he is left to welcome and entertain the new tenant, a bloated—literally—American millionaire. Before the tenant arrives Charlie Peters appears at the castle to inspect the radiators, having been sent from Geneva by his father's plumbing concern. Well, the princess falls for the plumber and he for her, but before they fade out together, a lot of amusing things happen in and about the castle.

Maureen O'Sullivan is an endearing Princess Louise and Charles Farrell is the nice fresh—but not too fresh—

young American. Charles Farrell's voice is surprisingly immature for his age and physique.

★ ★ FAST AND LOOSE

CAST

Marion Lenox Miriam Hopkins
Henry Morgan Charles Starrett
Alice O'Neil Carole Lombard
Bertie Lenox Henry Wadsworth
Bronson Lenox Frank Morgan
Carrie Lenox Winifred Harris
George Grafton Herbert Yost
Lord Rockingham David Hucheson
Millie Montgomery Ilka Chase

Produced by Paramount.
Directed by Fred Newmeyer.

A play called *The Best People* was taken from its resting place, dusted off and refurbished by Preston Sturges and Doris Anderson, and presented on the screen as *Fast and Loose*, although there is nothing particularly fast, nor for that matter loose, about it.

It was designed about a decade ago to startle the native theatergoers about the wildness of our best people, particularly their younger representatives, but there is

★ THE LOTTERY BRIDE

CAST

Jenny Jeanette MacDonald
Chris John Garrick
Hoke Joe E. Brown
Hilda Zasu Pitts
Olaf Robert Chisholm
Alberto Joseph Macaulay
Boris Harry Gribbon

Produced by United Artists.
Directed by Paul L. Stein.

This is a musical comedy which was supervised by Arthur Hammerstein for the screen from an original story with a score written especially for it by Rudolph Friml. The music is good and the singing fine, but the story and direction are pretty terrible.

It seems to me the depth of bad taste to use the ghastly story of the wrecking of the *Italia* as the basis for a musical comedy. Nearly everyone in the piece, with the exception of Joe E. Brown, is miscast. Jeanette MacDonald is a delightful comedienne, but she is not given a chance to do anything but sing and sigh as the *Lottery Bride*.

Do you know that—

Bull Montana has been training Douglas Fairbanks for the fight scenes in his new picture, *Reaching for the Moon*, which is soon to be released? . . . Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, in answer to a silent prayer of mine, has acquired the rights to Mary Roberts Rinehart's *Tish* stories? They haven't announced that they bought these stories for Marie Dressler, but can you imagine a more perfect *Tish* than Marie? . . . Paul Panzer, who will be remembered by the older film fans as the villain in the Pearl White serials, is to be featured again on the screen by Pathé?

Four- and three-star pictures of the past month

★★★★—None.

★★★—*Lightnin'*, *Min and Bill*, *Morocco*, *Tol'able David*, *Laughter*, *A Lady's Morals*, *The Doorway to Hell*, *Kismet*, *Check and Double Check*, *Playboy of Paris*, *Just Imagine*.



Some quaint business from *The Princess and the Plumber*. Charles Farrell is the lad; Maureen O'Sullivan is the lass.

nothing new or unusual about it now, except that it serves to introduce some personable newcomers to the screen.

Miriam Hopkins is an attractive and competent actress. Charles Starrett is good-looking and he does fairly well with the rôle of the obstinate mechanic.



Charles Starrett and Miriam Hopkins put on some low-down comedy in *Fast and Loose*.

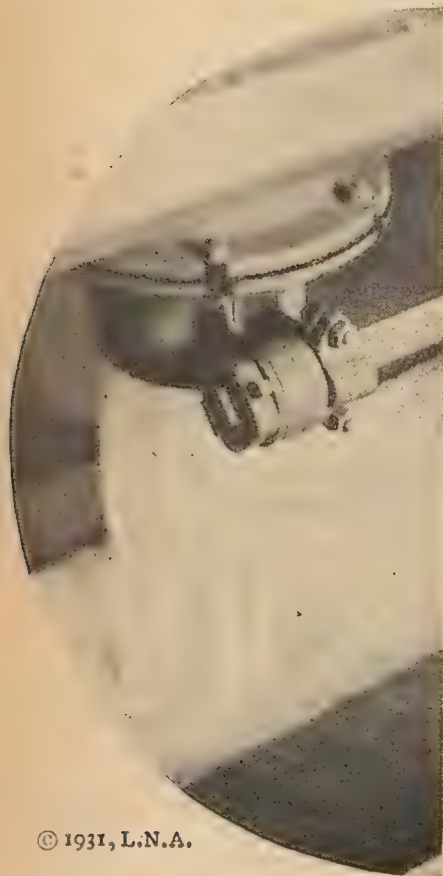
lifting the VEIL ON 1931

The New Year will bring continued happiness to 8 million women. How you can share it

HERE'S a New Year's resolution you owe to yourself and your family. Resolve, once and for all, to eliminate the work and bother of home washday from your life!

The Laundry way cuts out wear and tear on your nerves; gives you more time to devote to the children and to recreation. And due to many improvements in methods and materials, laundry washing safeguards your clothes as never before. Besides, it is amazingly inexpensive!

Eight million women "let the Laundry do it." Share their happiness in 1931—phone your nearest present-day laundry now! *Sponsored by the Laundryowners National Association of the United States and Canada.*



(Left) — Down the drain after every suds or rinse. Each water bath is used but once in a present-day laundry — then discarded forever!

(Below) — Now Mother enjoys precious leisure hours, thanks to present-day laundry service.



© 1931, L.N.A.

Let the
LAUNDRY
do it!

Dear Miss Wise

A New FOR THE LOVE O' LIL

IT was Monday morning and the schoolroom was as hectic as usual. Miss Wise paced the three aisles, dreading to turn her back on any pupil. They giggled. They whispered remarks behind uplifted books. They displayed their tongues. They stole glances at funny sheets hidden under blotters. And each one felt as much like studying as a cat feels like jumping into the sea to catch a mouse.

"Where's Gwendolyn Smithers?" Miss Wise asked as she sat down at her desk. And she glared at Gwen's empty bench in the front row. "Where's Gwen?"

"Back here," Gwen chirped from the back row near the rubber plant. "My doctor says I'm growin' farsighted and have to sit way, way, way back from the blackboard. He says if I sit up front one eye may stay nearsighted an'—an'—"

She broadcast an artificial sneeze.

Being the first fib of the week, Miss Wise decided to let it pass. She smiled hypocritically.

"Sit right where you are," she said. "I'll write in large letters on the board so you'll be able to read them. First we'll talk about books and authors."

"My little brother's name is Arthur," one boy announced. "And my cousin's name is the same."

"Our thermometer—" Gwen began.

"Never mind little brothers or thermometers," they were told sharply as Miss Wise rapped on her desk. "In what book is there a man named after a day of the week?"

"ROBINSON CRUSOE!" The shout echoed from wall to wall and made Miss Wise's spectacles tremble on her nose.

"Who wrote The Children's Hour?" she asked.

"The children's what?" Gwen wanted to know.

"Are you deaf as well as farsighted?" Miss Wise asked.

"No, I'm not!" Gwen said. "Your voice don't carry way back here. Tomorrow I'll bring an ear trumpet an' then you won't have to repeat questions." She began to write a letter with painful precision.

"Who wrote The Children's Hour?" Miss Wise asked again. She pointed to Red Hancock. "Quick!"

"I'm thinking," he said, looking as if he had adenoids. The children all laughed at the idea of anybody bothering to do such a stupid thing as to think.

"I'm thinking, too," Gwen said sweetly.

"Longfellow!" Red announced, beaming and proud.

"How long was he?" Gwen giggled.

Poor Miss Wise wondered if her neat, black, marcelled bob was turning gray. She decided to skip over the authors and try geography instead.

"What is the largest state on the Pacific coast?" she asked. "Some of our grandfathers went there in covered wagons to hunt for gold."

"Mine didn't!" Gwen said, stealthily folding up the letter she'd been writing. "Mine was a sailor who had snakes an' lions tattooed on his chest."

Jaws dropped at this dramatic news.

"What state—" Miss Wise tried again.

"Wait till I go," Gwen told her, walking up the aisle. "I can't stay for geography 'cause—well, read my mother's letter an' you'll see."

Miss Wise saw. She saw through the whole thing.

"Mrs. Smithers is awful sick," she said, "and wants Gwen to be excused from school. You other children, get out your history books while I help Gwen into her coat and take her down to the principal."

(Next week's cover adventure: Skating)



This week's cover picture.

Problems of Conduct

What Would You Do?

\$100 Each Week for the Best Question

\$200 Each Week for the Best Answers

Here Is This Week's Question

for which \$100 has been paid to

BESSIE BRIAND

535 Prince Street, Sydney, Nova Scotia, Canada

Suppose you were twenty-one and had the choice of marrying the man you love or a man who loves you.

Both men show you equal affection. But you are jealous of the man you love, without any reason at all, and spend many an hour thinking he may be untrue to you after marriage. Yet your happiest hours are with him. With the man who loves you, you feel at peace with the world and can picture yourself in later years the mother of his children with him always by your side.

Would you marry the man you love and suffer the pangs of jealousy, or

Marry the man who loves you and sit down and take life easy?



Answers to this question must reach us before midnight, January 17. They should be as short as possible—brevity will count in their favor. In no case should they contain more than 1,000 words.

THE RULES

1. Liberty invites its readers to submit problems of conduct similar to the problem which appears on this page. One of these will be published each week, and for those published \$100 each will be paid to the persons who send them in.

2. Liberty invites its readers also to submit answers to these problems as they are published. For the answers which, in the judgment of the editors, are the best submitted each week, \$200 will be paid, the \$200 to be divided among the senders, and these answers will be published.

3. Problems and answers should be written on one side of the paper only—typewritten if possible—and should be brief. Problems stated in 150 words or less are preferred. Answers should not in any case contain more than 1,000 words, and should usually be much shorter than that. Brevity, always, will count in their favor.

4. It is understood that the decision of Liberty's editors will be final, both as to prizes awarded for problems and those paid for answers.

5. Entries—both problems and answers—should bear the sender's full name and address, and should be sent to PROBLEMS, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

6. Anyone, anywhere, may compete, except employees of Liberty and their families. WE CANNOT UNDERTAKE TO RETURN ANY ENTRIES OR ENTER INTO CORRESPONDENCE CONCERNING THEM.

HOW would you answer the question on this page? Can you suggest a better one, or one as good? Try your hand at either—or both. As indicated in the rules below, Liberty is paying \$100 each week for a suggested problem of conduct, and offering \$200 for answers to each of these problems.

* * *

This week we are publishing four answers to the problem which appeared in Liberty for December 6, and dividing \$200 among the senders, whose names appear below. The problem was:

You have just received word that an only sister, living twenty-five miles distant, has been fatally injured and is calling for you. You immediately get into your car and set out with all possible speed for her bedside. On your way you approach the scene of a serious automobile crash in which a woman is hurt. You are asked to drive her back to the hospital. To turn back may mean that you will arrive too late to see your sister alive.

What would you do?

The Winning Answers

By HELEN C. ZEIGLE
2108 Fifth Avenue, Fort Worth, Texas

I AM only fifteen years old, and I might have different ideas about the matter if I were older, but the way I look at it now I would sure get to my dying sister fast as I could. I would never feel right to know she wanted to see me so much before she died, and I failed her when I could have reached her in time if I had gone on.

What I would do would be to pick up the woman that was hurt in the accident, and take her right with me, for it is almost sure there will be one or more doctors at my sister's bedside,

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]



AFTER CRUIKSHANK 1895

Gastrogen

quickly conquers

Indigestion

DON'T let after-eating discomfort bother or embarrass you another day! Take two or three Gastrogen Tablets immediately after your meals. Quickly indigestion goes.

Gastrogen is as quiet as it's quick in stopping heartburn, acidity, and other indigestion ills. Unlike "bi-carb," it contains only insoluble antacids. Hence it can't alkalize the stomach, retard digestion, or cause the gas which bothers users of soda.

Gastrogen's taste is spicy and aromatic. Its effect is harmless and quick. Get it at your druggist's in tins of 15 tablets for 20¢ or bottles of 60 tablets for 60¢!

MAKE THIS TEST

1. Pour a little vinegar into each of two tumblers. (The vinegar corresponds to the acid in your stomach.)

2. Into one tumbler drop 3 or 4 Gastrogen Tablets.



3. Into the other drop a teaspoonful of soda bicarbonate.

Note the fizzing, the foaming and the seething in the tumbler with the soda. Note how little gas is released with Gastrogen—actually less than half as much, while neutralizing the same amount of acid. You see why soda disturbs and bloats the stomach—and why Gastrogen brings relief quietly without retarding or hampering normal digestion.

SEND THIS COUPON

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. A-11
73 West Street, New York City

Please send me your FREE introductory packet of 6 Gastrogen Tablets.

Name.....

Address.....

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-NINE]—doing what they can to keep her alive until I reach her, and they could then attend to the injured woman that I had brought with me.

By K. K. CARROLL
P. O. Box 566, Las Vegas, New Mexico

THERE is a possibility, if I take the injured woman to the city, I may save her life. If I do not, there is a very strong probability that I will be responsible for her death.

I can do nothing for my sister; my only thought is to bid her God-speed on her final journey.

And I know her too well not to know that her own wish in the case would be to turn back and do my duty.

With the silent prayer that she will understand my non-appearance, I turn around and trust my efforts will not be in vain.

By LEO P. CULLINANE
5103 Connecticut Avenue N. W., Washington, D. C.

I WOULD pick up the injured woman and keep right on going to the hospital in which my sister was dying. I am already speeding toward a hospital and have covered some distance when I reach the scene of the accident. Although it may take a little more time to travel to the hospital to which I am bound than if I turned back toward another, the chances are the woman is not hurt fatally or even

seriously, and the few minutes saved if I turned back would never be comparable to the grief I would bear to think I had a chance to bid my sister good-by before she died, and did not.

By STANLEY S. JACOBS
323 Brush Creek Boulevard,
Kansas City, Missouri

I KNOW as surely as I live that I would take the woman back to a hospital. I would hate myself for not doing so, because—after all—my sister is beyond my aid. And this woman, with precious life still in her, matters in God's eyes as much to me as ever my sister did. My sister, too, has been injured, and would I not pray that anyone who came along had given her first aid?

As for leaving the injured woman to be picked up by the next motorist with a freer mind than mine, that is unfeasible: every moment might count toward life, and it might be a long time before a motorist arrived.

And as I knew the injured woman was in the surgeon's hands, a deep satisfaction that I had done the right thing

would sweep over me, in which feeling the spirit of my dying sister would partake—and my conscience would be eternally free.

Answers to the question in Liberty for December 13 will be published next week.

Liberty is offering

\$100 Apiece

for Short Short Stories

THEY must be short enough to be printed in a single page of Liberty—the shorter the better, but in any case not over 1,200 words. One hundred dollars apiece will be paid for any accepted and published.

All rights in such stories as are bought will be the property of Liberty, but any possible proceeds from book, picture, or dramatic rights will be divided with the authors on a fifty-fifty basis.

Otherwise the customary rules for submitting manuscripts will apply. Use one side of the paper only, and if possible use a typewriter, though legible handwriting will not be barred. All manuscripts are sent at the owners' risk. If you want rejected ones returned, inclose a stamped and addressed envelope—NOT MERELY STAMPS.

And when you send them address them simply to **SHORT SHORT STORIES, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 220 EAST 42nd STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.**

Authors and Authoresses!

Please remember that if you do not inclose a stamped and addressed envelope with your manuscript we cannot return it to you or write you concerning its destiny. We are receiving an enormous number of short short story manuscripts, and it has become necessary to enforce this rule very strictly.

We cannot undertake to enter into correspondence concerning these stories.

Bright Sayings of Children

Liberty will pay \$5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

A Lesson Dearly Bought

Robert, aged five, was relating how his pet dog had recently been killed. He told what a time he had had keeping the dog from running into the street. Then he said:

"I saw the auto run over him and I felt awful bad, but then I just thought—well, maybe that will teach him a lesson."—Marjorie Muller, 7019 Georgia Ave. N. W., Washington, D. C.

She Wanted an Argument

Janet's mother was in the hospital. One night while at supper, Emma, the colored servant, was telling Janet's father what a bad girl she had been that day.

"Janet," said he, "do you hear what Emma is saying about you?"

"Well," said the tot, "why don't you 'spute her word?"—Chrysta Kemp, Florahome, Fla.

An Unsolved CRIME

A
Short Short
Story

(Reading time: 5 min. 7 sec.)

THE funeral was over. The murdered farmer had been buried in the churchyard cemetery that afternoon with little ceremony. The minister, who prided himself on the length of his laments for the dead, had not had the face to read a eulogy over the late Nicholas Benson—not with family and neighbors standing by.

Now the handful of mourners and curious townsfolk were gathered in the drab farmhouse, talking over the most stirring thing that had happened in the community since the river flood. The women were in the kitchen preparing coffee and slicing cold meats and murmuring approving comments upon the service at the grave. The men were sitting stiffly in the musty front parlor, talking crops and weather, and trying to avoid glancing at the forbidding likeness of the man who had met so violent an end.

Apart from the rest, Sime Benson, eldest son of the house, sat on the kitchen doorstep, pulling at his pipe. He was brooding on the strange way of women, for that afternoon he had seen his mother weep inconsolably at the grave of the man who for twenty years had treated her with cruelty. He was thinking, cringingly, of the times he had seen his father beat and kick the woman so bent with farm work and constant childbearing.

His mother looked strange in the new black dress and gold locket he had never seen. It was hard to believe she had been young, perhaps pretty, and sentimental. To him she had always been a beast of burden, too abjectly afraid of her husband to protect her children against him.

His brothers, too, looked strange in their mourning clothes. Ed's big hands hung awkwardly from the short sleeves of his new suit. Nat's shoes squeaked as he tip-toed about the darkened parlor where the odor of flowers still lingered. Milt's collar was so tight his pale eyes bulged from the pressure. Ned's bland, sixteen-year-old face showed no resentment of the dead man, though that painful limp of his had been caused by the prongs of a pitchfork hurled by his enraged father over some trifling blunder in the field.

Only Sime, of all the joyless family, looked upon the death as a deliverance. Even Anna, the sister of twenty who looked twice her years, the sister who had once wanted to go to a party and had been beaten just for expressing the wish, had spent the morning kneeling at the coffin in prayer. Women were queer.

THE sheriff, having given out a statement that he wouldn't sleep until the murder was solved, carrying his handcuffs dangling menacingly out of his pocket, approached Sime, wiping the remains of the funeral feast from his mustache.

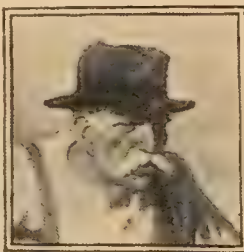
"Son," he began, "I hadn't ought to bother you at a time like this, but you bein' the head of the family like, I'm afraid I'll have to ask you some questions."

"That's all right, sheriff," answered Sime, knocking his pipe against the doorsill and putting it in his pocket. "You know I want to help you all I kin. Of course'n, I don't know much about pa, bein' away the past six months."



By
CAROL FRINK

whose career has included news-gathering in Chicago under the name of "Our Little Girl Reporter"; marriage to Charles MacArthur, playwright, and newspaper work in New York. Now she is back in Chicago, writing movie reviews for the Herald and Examiner.



"That's right," mused the sheriff. "Now, le's see, where was you at, agin?"

"I was livin' in the Krauses' barn, helpin' with the chores."

"Oh, yes! An' you never came back to see your maw?"

"Pa would 'a' kilt me if he'd set eyes on me," said the boy. "I knowed when I run away it was fur good."

"An' you hadn't seen your folks for six months until—"

"Not 'til they come an' got me an' I seen 'im dead over the milkin' pail in the barn."

"Sime," the sheriff spoke after a pause, "did your paw have any enemies that you knowed of?"

"Didn't have no friends," said Sime.

"HIS neighbors, now," pursued the sheriff, "Ferguson, there, to the left of you?"

"He kilt Sam Ferguson's beagle dawg onct," answered Sime. "Pizened it. Took three days fur him to die."

"An' Myers on the other side. He have anythin' agin your paw?"

"Yes, you know that fence Myers built between our land an' his'n? Built it hisself outa logs. It took him an' his boy purty near six months to do it. Pa burnt it. Said it come over on our land too fur."

"Anybody else might of been sore at your paw?"

"Well, there was that tramp come around last spring, askin' fur somp'n to eat. Pa thrun an ax at 'im, an' I think he got 'im."

"How old are you, son?" the sheriff asked, relaxing his official tone.

"Twenty-two nex' August," answered Sime.

"Haven't had much schoolin', have you?"

"Tried to have. Went whenever I could git away, but pa always licked me fur it. That was part o' the reason I run away. Wanted to learn to be a vet'inery and make enough money to do somp'n for ma and the kids. I bin readin' study books nights, but I don't seem to be gittin' nowheres."

The sheriff nodded sympathetically. "Your paw was shot along towards evenin' whilst he was milkin', wasn't he? It must've bin someone laid fur him up in the hay. Funny the murderer wa'n't seen goin' in the barn."

"He could 'a' snuck in there at night an' waited all day 'til nex' evenin'," offered Sime.

"That's so," agreed the sheriff. "But what I don't understan' is how he could git apast the two dawgs. Why didn't them dawgs bark?"

"'Cause they knowed me," said Sime.

"Simon."

It was his mother's voice. She stood in the doorway, her eyes red-rimmed from weeping, a white apron covering her funeral finery.

"Simon, there's a cupa coffee I poured out fur you on the kitchen table. You haven't et a thing today."

The sheriff stood up, glanced swiftly from the mother to the son with bent head. Then he fixed his hat resolutely on his head.

"I'll be sayin' good day to you, ma'am," he said kindly.

THE END



To the

By

ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN



who begins herewith a new department which, we hope, will appear frequently in *Liberty*. She is now an American citizen, but is of distinguished Russian lineage, being the daughter of the late Prince Peter Kropotkin and a direct descendant of Rurik, first Czar of Russia. Most of her childhood was spent in England, her father having been chased out of Russia by the Czars. Like many Russians, she is a fluent linguist and writes equally well in Russian, French, and English.

Pictures by RUSSELL PATTERSON

(Reading time: 7 minutes 47 seconds.)

"Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen;
Here's to the widow of fifty;
Here's to the flaunting, extravagant quean,
And here's to the housewife that's thrifty!"

—The School for Scandal.

SO many people "talk poor" these days that we are beginning to sound like a nation of paupers. As a matter of fact a great many people are richer this year than they were last year. All those who have jobs at fixed salaries—the same salaries they were getting before—are now better off because of the price reductions.

This was called to my attention by Dr. Lillian M. Gilbreth, a member of the Emergency Committee for Employment. In conjunction with the Buy Now drive, Dr. Gilbreth is carrying on a nation-wide campaign for wise spending.

"American women should realize that they do eighty-five per cent of the nation's spending," says Dr. Gilbreth. "Every purchase they make has a direct bearing on the general prosperity of the entire country."

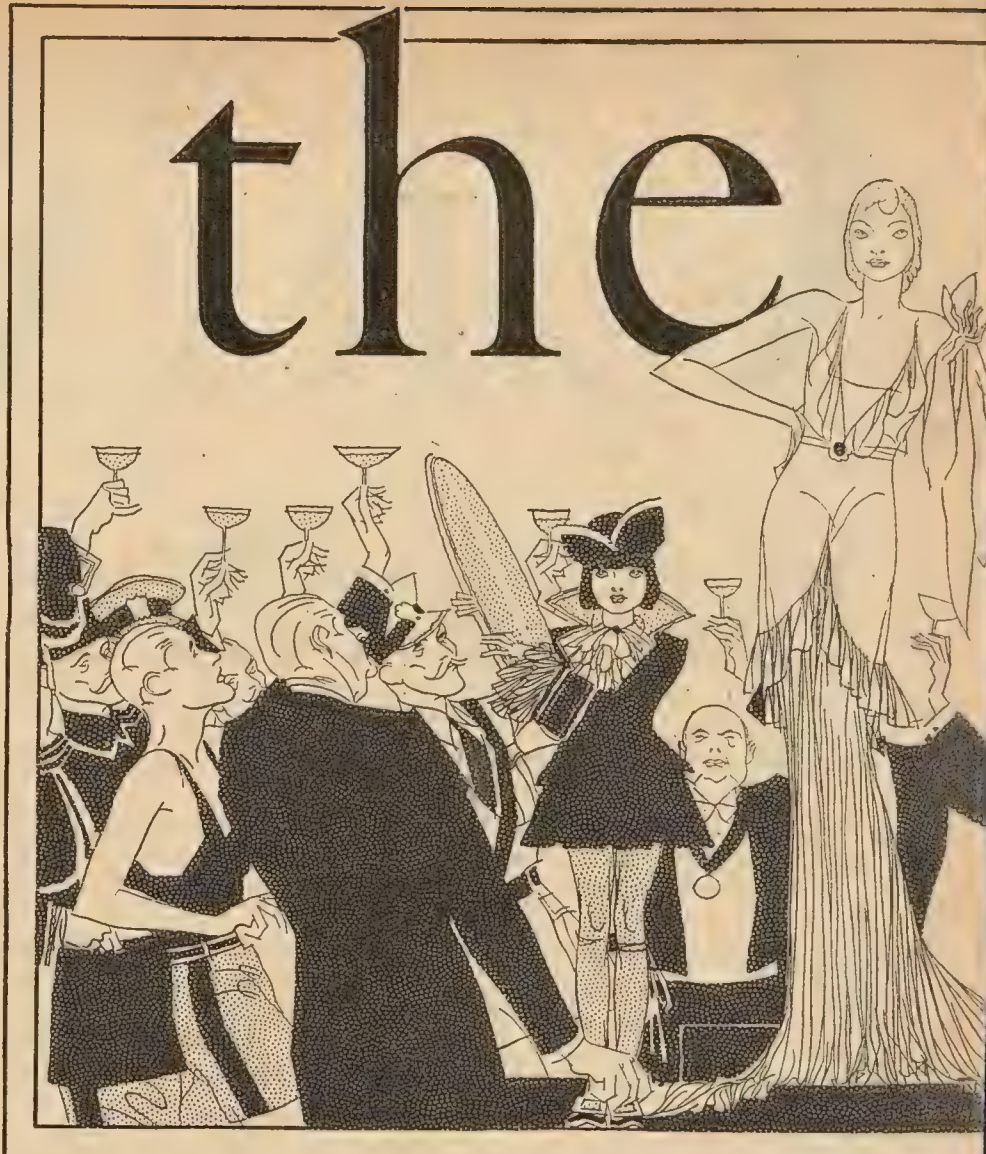
In Dr. Gilbreth's opinion, it is necessary that women should understand the principles of commodity production and distribution in order to function intelligently as purchasers. She believes that business would be substantially benefited if women were more familiar with it.

Dr. Gilbreth has undertaken a tremendously complicated project. Were she not such an exceptional person one might not feel sure of her success.

But she is used to big undertakings. For one, she has brought up eleven children, at the same time managing to be an active working partner in the business founded by her late husband. Today she runs the firm herself. It's an engineering firm, and she is an engineer. That's what her doctor's degree stands for. As head of the Woman's Division of the Emergency Committee for Employment, she now has plenty of extra work, as you may imagine. Yet she still finds time to be interested in the separate life of each of her children. And judging from the example I saw, she certainly has swell kids.



EVER wade knee-deep in precious stones? Pearls, diamonds, rubies, emeralds under your feet as thick as snowdrifts? Neither did I. But there's a quiet little gray-haired man right here in New York City who has done so. He told me about it just the other day.



Twelve years ago he helped guard the fabulous treasures confiscated by the Bolsheviks during the revolution in Russia.

"It was piled in great heaps," he said, "all over the cellar floor in the Moscow headquarters of the Cheka police, of which I was then a member. When we crossed that cellar we had to wade—yes, literally wade—through heaps of rings, loose diamonds, necklaces, tiaras, and jewelry of all sorts."

FEMININE fibbing has stirred the ire of Justice McCardy, England's great bachelor judge. Listen to him:

"Perjury can never be more rife than it is now. . . . The most self-possessed perjurers are murderers, but *nothing can exceed the audacious reliance upon their sex which is so frequently displayed by women.*"

In other words, we girls are the worst liars in the world.

I'll admit women do fib quite enough, but here's what strikes me about a great deal of our fibbing:

Take a nice woman—someone you know—some woman who has sterling qualities of character. Now compare her with some equally nice man. However nice the man may be, don't you find that in the long run there is always just a little *less* selfishness in the nice woman?

The way I see it is this: So many of us have to learn to defend ourselves against the little selfishnesses of our men-folk that we are obliged at times to prevaricate—to be less truthful than we would really like to be.

And this has been going on, mind you, for centuries and centuries.

I am not defending lies. I hate a liar. But there are so many men who say, like Justice McCardy, that women are the worst liars in the world.

I wish some of those men could take a good look at themselves. I would like to have them ask themselves whether or not, by their own little masculine selfishnesses, they have never driven any woman into telling a lie.

Ladies!



THE importance of rest and relaxation to those who work is being proclaimed daily by doctors and health experts the country over. But until a few months ago no one had the courage to regard rest hours as an actual part of their work.

Barnard College for women has blazed this trail. The college physician, Dr. Guielma F. Alsop, is the pioneer.

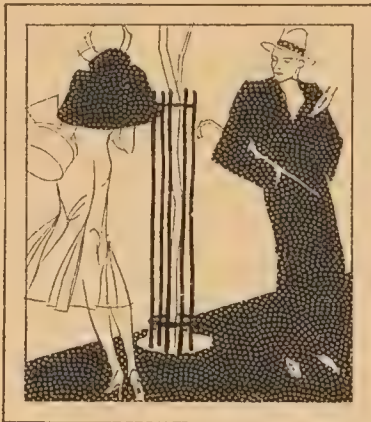
Girls at Barnard who suffer from fatigue—and fifty-seven varieties of that ailment are listed—now take regular courses in rest and relaxation. The hours they spend stretched out on deck chairs upon the college roof or in fresh-air rooms bring them credits equal to those they receive for gymnasium work, dancing, or athletic games.

While resting they are not allowed to read or talk. Dr. Alsop considers that learning *how* to rest is an integral part of the physical education college girls require to fit them for the work they have to do.

A great many of us might find that our work would be aided if we took Dr. Alsop's innovation to heart and learned to regard a reasonable amount of rest and relaxation as part of our job.

SOME months ago I came across a charming "party" idea at a luncheon given by an American woman living in Paris. A rosebud lay on each plate placed before the guests for the dessert course. My friend, the hostess, told me that she tries to have the color of the flower match the color of the ice cream or whatever dessert she serves. A very thoughtful hostess, she also sticks a green-headed pin in the stem of each flower.

Pretty as the rosebud idea was, I, being greedy, remember her macaroni pancakes with quite as much pleasure. This delightful luncheon dish is simple enough for anyone to serve. Just cooked macaroni finely chopped and stirred into a stiffish French-pancake batter. Medium-sized cakes fried as ordinary pancakes are fried, but served with a thick parsley-sprinkled mushroom-cream sauce enlivened by a dash of lemon juice. Try it!



PARIS has decreed that skirts are to be shorter—much shorter, in fact—except for very formal evening wear. Thank goodness! These Victorian draperies we've been wearing of late really do not fit in with life today, now do they? If we could stay at home most of the day; if, when we're out, we could step leisurely into uncrowded elevators, subways, or street cars; if it never rained or snowed—then these tangle-leg garments would be all right. As it is they're a nuisance.

I notice, by the way, that most of the women who call them "romantic" are the ones who were débutantes somewhere around the '90s. Glamorous memories of their own long-skirted youth entrance them as they view the lengthy modes of what is already today's yesterday. True, when frocks were very short we discovered that some women have ugly knees. But we have also seen some ugly ankles peeping out from beneath the long ones. Me for medium length.

THERE is worthy work being done by those who make a scientific study of childhood. Baby ways are being probed methodically in such erudite places as the Child Development Institute at Columbia. Baby laughter is the latest field explored by the Institute. It was found that the laughter of infants has little or nothing to do with the intelligence of infants. Gloomy babies may be just as bright as gay babies.

Interesting for scientists, but what about parents? With all this analyzing and charting of childhood's reactions we may soon reach the point where a baby won't be any more fun than a stock-market report. Parents will be tabulating every grin and gurgle to forecast baby's future. Children are so much trouble anyway that it seems to me the least their parents have a right to is some enjoyment out of them when they're cheerful. Worrying about their mental temperature every time they laugh sounds unnecessarily scientific.

"IS divorce a social asset?" On this subject G. K. Chesterton, the out-size English humorist-philosopher, met the novelist, Cosmo Hamilton, in a New York debate recently. "No," argued Chesterton, "divorce is not a social asset," and he scored a triumph—a result easy to predict.

Later I asked him, "Is marriage a social asset for a woman?"

"Most emphatically yes," he boomed, but he didn't say why. We did not have time to argue it out, but I'll be seeing him again soon, and I am going to pursue the subject with a lot of "whys."

One thing I want to know is this: Why are we "Mrs." always so pleased when strangers call us "Miss"?

JUST in case you are superstitious, remember that you will be lucky all through 1931 if a dark-haired person was the first to cross your threshold after the New Year bells rang out.

Ramsay Macdonald might tell you there's something in that old superstition. The year he first became Prime Minister of England his dark-haired secretary attended a New Year's Eve party at the Macdonald home.

Before midnight she slipped away, coming back to cross the threshold promptly as the clock struck twelve.

Another Story of NIKKI

The Episode of the Shooting Gal

By JOHN MONK SAUNDERS

Pictures by GEORGE VAN WERVEKE

(Reading time: 30 minutes 5 seconds.)

SHEPARD LAMBERT lay in bed, contemplating the prospect of facing another morning. It filled him with shivering dread.

Life had become an inexplicable chaos to him. He could not sleep. He could not remember when he had last dropped off into a simple, refreshing slumber. Sometime before the war, sometime before he began to fly.

Why didn't Nature step in and put him to sleep, just once? With a good night's sleep behind him, he would have enough resistance to carry through the day without a drink — maybe till evening. Then maybe he might catch another night's sleep, and so on. Soon he would be saturated in beautiful, restful slumber.

He was so tired. So tired of these terrible mornings when he was exploded into dry, searing, blinding consciousness. The thought of them drove him to drinking more fiercely to postpone the inevitable moment of waking.

Each morning he would tell himself this was the last; that he had had enough. A human being could endure no more. He could never, never face another morning like this one.

Why should he go on punishing himself like this? This morning was positively the last. This was really the last.

But first he had to silence his tic and gather some kind of strength to hold firm to that resolution. The muscle under his eye, quieted the night before by thousands of drinks, was leaping and clamoring. What a hell of a visitation that was! That terrible little tic that summoned him out of his unconsciousness. Shep got up and found a half bottle of Martel Three Star Brandy on the

dresser. The muscles around his mouth were twitching, too. He was stiff and brittle as a bread stick.

The first hooker of brandy didn't mean anything so far as his determination not to drink was concerned. It was purely medicinal.

Any doctor would prescribe a couple of ounces of brandy for one in his condition, rattling like a paper in the wind. Any doctor.

That first drink was just to take the stiffness out of his tongue, to warm his vitals, to start the circulation in his wooden limbs and put the quietus on that tic. Life-giving, it was. Then he could sit up and see where he was and what time it was. The thing about the Claridge Bar was they had a clock there and a calendar. You could kind of keep track of things.

Shep's eye fell upon a sheet of hotel note paper:

THE AVENIDA PALACE
LISBON, PORTUGAL

Well, for gosh sakes! Look where I am! He studied his wrist watch.

It was two o'clock. The old brain was stiff, too. He'd have to have a couple of more ounces of brandy to start his brain working. Well, now, this is better. There! Wash his teeth now and bathe and shower and dress. "One of these days you'll miss your baby. One of these days you'll feel so lonely . . ."

The People in the Story

NIKKI, an American girl who has found her way into the strange disordered lives of four American war flyers left astray in Europe after the Armistice. And the flyers—

SHEPARD LAMBERT, BILL TALBOT, FRANCIS (known as The Washout), and

CARY LOCKWOOD, Rhodes scholar at Oxford, whose trip to Portugal on a mysterious treasure hunt has brought the others trooping along with him.



They stood, froze

and Her WAR BIRDS

lery



Here, before their eyes, was murder. The little Portuguese was rising to a half crouch.

Ol' Bill Talbot was lying asleep in the next bed.

In the bathroom Shep took one look at himself in the glass. Oh, my Lord! Look at those eyes, would you! He found the tall blue bottle of eyewash with the cup on the top and took out the stopper. It chattered against the bottle in his hand. I've got the shakes all right. He

poured the lotion into the cup, splashing it all over the place, and held it to his right eye, tilting back his head. He nearly fell over backwards, and finally sat down on the edge of the tub. He rolled his eyeball around in the lotion. It felt marvelously cool and wet to his stinging

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE EPISODE OF THE SHOOTING GALLERY]
Continued from page forty-five

lids. You could see a nice blue light through the eyecup. Good old eyewash! God bless you, eyewash!

"One of these days you'll miss your baby . . ."

Shep bathed his left eye and let the lotion stream down his face. It ran across his mouth and he tasted it experimentally with his tongue. Not bad, not bad.

Well, that was better, but the glass stopper rattled in the bottle when he put it back. He took his razor out of the cabinet and began to strop it on the strop hanging on the hook. He stropped it jerkily because his muscles inside his elbows worked spasmodically. He stopped. Hell! This is no good. He tried again. It went a little better. But when he raised his arms to shave they came up in staggered steps and he dared not put the razor to his face.

A couple of more hookers of brandy would fix that. You had to shave. So he brought the brandy bottle into the bathroom and took a pull out of the bottle and put it on the side of the washbowl. His arms jerked a little as he shaved, but he shaved in easy spells and then rinsed his face and head with cold water. Drying his face with a towel, he wondered what in God's name he'd of done without that brandy. Life-giving. He held the bottle up to the light. At first he wondered who had been drinking out of that bottle. It was getting empty.

HE turned the water on in the great porcelain tub and listened to the rush of water. He had another swallow as he watched the tub fill up. When it was half full, he unloosened the cord of his pyjamas and let them fall to the floor, and stepped into the tub. It was pleasant lying in the hot water. The brandy bottle was out of reach. He kept turning his head to see if it was still there on the washbowl. The tide line went down so fast in that bottle it seemed like three or four fellows must be working on it. He soaped himself and rinsed, and then pulled the stopper out of the bottom of the tub by hooking his big toe around the chain. The water ran out fast. Then he stood up and turned on a rush of cold water. He took a washcloth and sluiced himself all over with cold water. You got fine reaction. "You'll miss my hugging. You'll miss my kissing. You'll miss me, honey, when you're away. . . ."

He stepped out of the tub and surveyed himself in the glass. He was certainly thin. Thin as a spinster. Thin-as Miss Beasely who used to sing soprano in the choir. Drunks were supposed to be paunchy, weren't they? Shakespeare's drunks were fat old tosspots. But Shep was thin and straight. His stomach was flat as a gramophone record. He was certainly thin around the waist on account of he never ate anything hardly. He supposed his insides were all tangled up anyhow. All this drinking. How about a milk diet? He understood a milk diet would straighten out your insides. Certainly couldn't cap that medicinal brandy with milk now, though. Go on a milk diet tomorrow.

Before he left the bathroom, he polished off the brandy and dropped the bottle in the towel hamper.

Now he had a fine edge on. "And when I leave you,



"Look at that girl!" Shep told Bill. "Don't tell me that's standard equipment!"

you know 'twill grieve you. You'll miss your little dad-dad-dy one of these days."

He went back to the bedroom. The only problem now was to hold that edge. The moment it faded, ten thousand demons assailed him. All the troops closed in.

Bill was still sleeping in the other bed. Shep put on a robe, lighted a cigarette, and sat down against the pillows at the top of the bed to wait for Bill to wake up.

Consciousness returned to Bill Talbot with a hot blast. His ears began to roar as if two conch shells were clapped tightly to his head. His head was big as a cannon

ball and swelling with blinding waves of pain. His eyeballs felt seared at the back. His eyelids were red and swollen. His tongue was dry and sour as a tanner's thumb, and his lips felt like a couple of slices of assorted cold meats; mutton, for example. His stomach felt cold and old like a dead oyster. An idiotic musical phrase kept buzzing about in the roaring cave of winds that was his head. I'm dying, he thought.

His teeth were covered with an unholy film; Spanish moss, Shep had once described it. His mouth was as dry as the inside of a gourd.

IF I'm dying, Bill thought, Shep must be dead. Surely Shep, with half his strength, half his vitality, must be extinct.

I'll never drink again, he swore to himself. I'll never smoke another cigarette. All this terrible punishment. This time I mean it.

He raised himself on his elbow and opened his eyes to look across at Shep. Shep, bathed, shaved, and looking bright as a robin, was sitting up in his bed, grinning at him.

"Tonight," said

Shep, "we're going on a real party."

"Oh my Lord!" Bill croaked and fell back in bed. . . .

For Shepard Lambert, days and nights in Portugal melted mysteriously into each other. At the bar he scolded Benjamin the bartender daily for not having a calendar where you could see it. Each day Benjamin promised to have one, but it never appeared. As for the hour of the day, Shep would sometimes stop short and, holding out his arm, study the hands of his wrist watch with the utmost gravity. Shep's two eyes would no longer focus distinctly. He always closed one eye, cocked his head a little to one side, and looked at the time. By some incomprehensible twist it always turned out to be two o'clock.

Yet none of the others knew what Shep suffered for his drinking. Alcoholic depression sat upon him in the early hours of the morning when the others were asleep, and he faced it out by himself. For the rest, he remained blissfully tight and stoutly defended drinking.

Cary Lockwood was in Lisbon with the rest, but Shep gave up trying to follow his movements. Cary left the hotel early each morning and did not appear till late at night. Shep discovered a fine bathing beach not far up the coast and carried the others, including Nikki, off to it in the afternoon. "Nikki in a bathing suit," he said, "is one of the sights I want these old eyes to dwell upon before I leave this here vale of tears."

Nor did Nikki disappoint him. Superbly hipped and breasted, Nikki, in a one-piece bathing suit, was enough to take away the breath.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



FEEL MEAN?

DON'T be helpless when you suddenly get a headache. Reach in your pocket for immediate relief. If you haven't any Bayer Aspirin with you, get some at the first drugstore you come to. Take a tablet or two and be rid of the pain; take promptly. Nothing is gained by waiting to see if the pain will leave of its own accord. It may grow worse! Meantime, you are suffering needlessly.

There are many times when Bayer Aspirin will "save the day." It will always ease a throbbing head. Quiet a grumbling tooth. Relieve the nagging pain of neuralgia or neuritis. Check a cold. Even rheumatism has lost its terrors for those who have learned to depend on these tablets.

Keep Bayer Aspirin handy. At home, and in the office. Carry the pocket tin as insurance against colds. Gargle with Bayer Aspirin at the first suspicion of sore throat, and reduce the infection. Look for Bayer on the box—and for the word Genuine in red. Genuine Bayer Aspirin does not depress the heart.

BAYER ASPIRIN



[THE EPISODE OF THE SHOOTING GALLERY]

Continued from page forty-seven

"Look at that girl!" Shep told Bill the first time Nikki came out of her bathing wagon and took off her cape. "Just look at that tender grape. Don't tell me that's standard equipment!"

Nikki, who usually paid no attention to Shep's observations, in so far as they concerned her, warned him that he was getting fresh again.

"Pay no attention to me," Shep said. "I'm just a cab talker. Besides," he added, suddenly bridleing up, "what are you getting exercised about? Who invited you into this conversation? You don't belong in this conversation. We'll leave you to your wine and cigars. Bill and I are going into the conservatory. Come along, Bill."

Bill, however, refused to move from Nikki's side. He stretched his magnificent torso out in the sand and gazed at Nikki like an awed, wondering little boy.

"You know," Shep said, "I can't get this whole thing straight in my mind. This here wench is too good to be true. I think all the time some dark stranger is going to turn up and claim her. You don't find gals like this running around loose like this, not with legs like that, and all those charms. No mother to guide her or make her come in when the street lights go on or anything. No sense to it. No sense to it."

Nikki always became very remote when Shep talked like this.

"Say, listen!" Shep demanded of her. "What's your idea anyway? What's your angle? Everybody's got an angle. You have to have an angle."

"What's yours?" she countered.

"Who me?"

Nikki looked out across the blue-green sea.

"What would you druther do than anything?" Shep inquired. "What do you want most?"

"You know what I want most in the world?" Nikki said. "An African address."

"A what?"

"An African postal address."

"No sense to it," Shep said.

"Don't you understand?" said Nikki. "If I lived in Africa I could write letters to all my friends, and don't you see how excited they'd be about getting a letter from Africa? Did you ever get a letter from Africa?"

"No."

"Did you, Bill?"

"Nope."

"Well, then!" said Nikki. "There you are. Wouldn't you be thrilled? You'd show it around and somebody would ask you for the stamp and you'd cut it out and give it to him and have a fine time. Now, wouldn't you? Wouldn't you?"

SHEP studied the matter in his mind. "I wonder if I'm getting all there is out of life," he pondered.

"What would you do in Africa?" Bill wanted to know.

"Learn stomach dances," Nikki replied promptly.

"You've got the stomach for it," Shep observed.

"Well, Bill, I don't see how we're going to provide this girl with an African address. That's about the one thing we'll have to deny her. Until her eighteenth birthday, anyway."

Bill admitted that it was quite a problem.

"What else about you, Nikki?" Shep pursued. "Tell us more. Do you believe in God or anything?"

"You don't have to tell him," Bill said. "He's just an old atheist himself. He doesn't believe in anything."

"I do so believe in things," Shep retorted fiercely. "Certainly I believe in things."

"What do you believe in?"

"Well," said Shep, "I b'lieve in a lot of things. I b'lieve that a snappin' turtle never lets go till it thunders. I b'lieve that a dead snake's tail never stops awaggin' till the sun goes down—an' I b'lieve that if you step on a spider it'll rain—an' I b'lieve that if you handle a hop-

toad you'll get warts on your fingers—an' I—why, land sakes! boy, I'm religious an' I b'lieve that anybody coming to Europe ought to bring their own soap."

Minor manifestations of Shep Lambert's disintegration began to appear. He would look up suddenly and demand of the others what day is this? Wednesday? Wednesday what? The twentieth. But what month I mean? June. That's right; it's June. Then strangely, later on, he would hear himself asking again, what month is this?

An hour after breakfast one morning in his room, he turned to Bill and said, "Well, how about breakfast? You order breakfast. Let's have breakfast."

"We've already had breakfast," Bill said.

"Did we?"

"Sure."

"How can you tell?"

Bill pointed to the breakfast tray. Shep stared at it with puzzled eyes. "I guess I belong in a benevolent institution," he said finally. "The Bide-a-wee Home or somewhere."

"PULL yourself together," Bill advised him. "You're all bathed and shaved and dressed and had your breakfast and everything."

"I thought that was yesterday," Shep said.

But there were other things more serious than this temporary amnesia; the night sweats, for example, and those hemorrhages of the stomach. They were no fun. The first one had shaken him up a bit; that sudden gush of blood from his throat. He thought it was his lungs and he had dismal thoughts of Switzerland and six months on his back and all that. But one of his drinking companions had soon set him right. Just a little rupture of a vein in the lining of his stomach. Nothing to worry about. He'd soon get used to it. All the same they were no picnics, nor were the sinking spells afterward.

Shep maintained toward Nikki the most considerate and worshipful attitude. In the mornings he always greeted her with formal Continental politeness. He would bow ceremoniously and kiss her hand. For some unexplained reason she was always Madame to Shep in the mornings. Did Madame rest well? he trusted. Madame was looking well. Indeed, Madame looked in very good repair. And such a smart frock and what a becoming hat!

It always set Nikki up to be taken such notice of in the mornings. She had brought along a lot of smart white sports clothes.

Following the payment of these morning respects, Shep would inquire of Madame what he could order for her to drink. Nikki usually begged off on account of it was so early in the day. She'd grown to understand that it was folly to start drinking with Shep right at the start. You couldn't keep up with him.

Whereupon Shep would act very hurt and shake his head sadly at Nikki's decline, and begin to abuse her. She was just a sissy drinker and for the life of him he couldn't understand why he permitted her the pleasure of his society. As a matter of fact, when you got right down to it, she was nothing but an old hussy. A wizened ol' witch doctor was what she was.

"And you're an old fuddy-duddy," Nikki would retort.

She had so many things the matter with her. Always losing her key, never having any matches, leaves the taps running, spills her drinks, blind as a bat, queer as a witch, no better than she should be.

"I would take advantage of the girl myself," Shep said, "only she's so vulnerable. It wouldn't be right."

Nikki said he'd better look out or she'd steal his passport.

For the most, Shep would heap gentle reproaches upon Nikki, for he was terribly devoted to her. But it was Nikki who gave Shep his zest for living. In the blackest depths of his depressions it was the thought of the whiteness of Nikki's skin, the curving line of her back, the



touch of her well kept hands, the warm tones of her voice, the fragrance of her hair, that recalled him to life.

Shep took Nikki and Bill and Francis the Washout all over the place. They motored to the Royal Palace of Ajuda and Necessidades and the Basilica of Estrella; to the Sé Cathedral.

They saw little of Cary during these days. He was rooting around in water-front warehouses, pawnshops, stores, and taverns for old clocks.

"What is all this about clocks?" Nikki demanded when she saw him. "I hear you have a roomful of clocks. What are you going to do with all those Portuguese clocks?"

"Not Portuguese. English."

"What are English clocks doing down here?"

Cary shrugged his shoulders. "Haven't the faintest idea. Only know they're here."

"How did they get here?"

Cary said he wished he knew. He said he'd heard something very vague about a boatload of clocks that left Liverpool for South Africa and was blown ashore in Portugal. Lisbon and its environs, a hundred years or so ago, had been flooded with English clocks.

"But are they so valuable now?"

"Not to the Portuguese."

"Why not to the Portuguese?"

"They don't march."

"But otherwise, I mean."

"How otherwise?"

"As antiques or something."

Cary said he was by no means an expert on old English clocks.

"You're very exasperating," Nikki said. "Please tell me. I'm terribly interested, really."

"Well, I won't know until they're properly restored."

"What are you going to do with them?"

"Ship them up to London."

But Nikki wasn't satisfied.

"Tell me, Cary. What is one of those clocks worth—

really? You must have some idea. Is it anything sensational?"

"No. Nothing sensational. The unsigned ones might fetch fifty pounds apiece. For the signed ones I might get, say, three hundred. Maybe less. Maybe more."

"Well," said Nikki, "I hope they're all perfectly priceless."

"That would be nice," Cary agreed. . . .

TEN days later Cary, Bill, Shep, Nikki, and The Washout were together in the Avenida Palace bar. It was eight thirty and they were all dressed for the evening. Nikki was wearing a black-and-gold dress with a golden sash (draped in the oriental manner) and a gold metal-cloth turban.

Lennox, the Englishman they had met on the train down from Paris to Lisbon, came in and joined them at the bar. They took him along with them upstairs for dinner. It was Lennox who suggested that, since there was no bullfight to see and no cinema under the age of consent, they should go to the amusement park at Port Maior. They did not leave the hotel till after ten.

They got into a cab and Lennox told the driver where to go, and pretty soon the cab pulled up at the entrance to the park. Carnival noises issued from within. You could hear the music from a carousel.

"You can get a drink in here, can't you?" Shep said, hesitating at the entrance.

"Rather," Lennox told him.

The streets on either side of the park were lined with attractions: The Blue Pavilion, Little Egypt, Temple de Mystère. Concessionaires were barking through megaphones.

Nikki said that she would like to look in one of those places.

"You go ahead," Shep said, looking at a little open-air café. "I see a place where a fellow can do a lot of good for himself. You can tell me about it after."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

How to Lose Fat a Pound a Day on a Full Stomach

Do Just These Two Simple Things—Fat Melts Away

Modern science has recently made important discoveries in fat reduction by which the normal, overweight person can lose from four to seven pounds weekly *on a full stomach*. Hence, it is now foolish to stay fat. *Without a single hungry moment*, you can now see yourself grow thin day by day, see the coarse lines of overweight replaced by the refined lines of slenderness, safely and comfortably.

What You Do

You do just two simple things: Keep your system free from waste matter, toxins and depleting poisons by taking two teaspoons of ordinary Jad Salts in a glass of water a half hour before breakfast every morning. Then, *eat your fill—as much as your appetite can stand*—of the following foods:

For breakfast—one or two whole oranges. Two slices of whole wheat or bran bread toasted—or rolled oats.

For lunch—a good size piece of any lean meat. Then see how much spinach, sauerkraut, cabbage, green peas, broccoli or fresh turnips you can eat. Eat *all you can comfortably hold* of these foods. Eat plentifully, too, of all green salads. Eat for dessert, any fresh fruit—except bananas.

At night—eat another fill-up meal as above. Cut down on butter and sweets by half. That's easy. For with your stomach filled with other foods, you will never miss them.

4 to 7 Pounds Gone in Week

If you are a normally overweight person, you may show a weight difference of as much as three pounds first day. For the Jad Salts in themselves will reduce the *moisture-weight* of your body that much. For *remember, something over 70% of your total weight is moisture*. That puffy, "too-tight-in-the-clothes" feeling you have will also go at once.

Then *eat well* of the foods outlined above. Soon you'll be free of the embarrassment of being called "fat." And do it all *on a full stomach*. Your health, too, will be better. You'll feel peppier than you have for years.

Ask Your Doctor

If in doubt about the safety of this way, ask your doctor. Show him this article. He will tell you it is safe. For it performs two necessary and important functions:

The Jad Salts clear the intestinal tract and system of the excessive toxins most fat people



have. The change in diet—the *filling of the stomach to its limit*—with foods that turn to strength and energy instead of fat, decreases your fat day by day. The salts clear your system and cut moisture-weight. The change in food takes off the fat.

Clip this out for the diet. You can get the Jad Salts at any drug store.



FOR COUGHS

S. B. Drops end coughs pleasantly... Quickly they calm soreness. Quickly they ease and soothe throat congestion...



FOR INDIGESTION

S. B. Black Drops give mild, pleasant aid. Because S. B.'s contain pure willow charcoal, they give relief from "gas"...



FOR TOBACCO DRYNESS

When your throat warns: "No more smoking!" —try a Smith Brothers' Cough Drop. It quickly refreshes throat and palate.



TWO KINDS

S. B. BLACK EUCALYPTUS

SMITH BROTHERS' S.B. COUGH DROPS

5¢

THE EPISODE OF THE SHOOTING GALLERY
[Continued from page forty-nine]

"We'll be right out," Nikki said, and led the others into the Temple of Mystery.

Shep found a table and sat down. He ordered a brandy *fine*.

After a while the others came out and sat down with Shep.

"How was it?"

"Well," Nikki said, "you had to stand up and there was a gauze curtain over a little stage and there was a blonde sitting in a chair on the stage and she looked like Alice Terry."

"Amazing," Shep said.

"Then a man came out and delivered a disquisition."

"In front of all those people?"

"Right out in front of everybody. And then he left off and they turned out the lights and soon Alice Terry turned into a Greek goddess."

"Sensational," Shep agreed.

"Now, leave me tell you. First she turned into a Greek goddess and then into a bunch of roses and then into a bowl of goldfish, and then she turned into a lighthouse in a storm, and then she took up a collection—"

"—and right there is where you left. I understand," Shep said. "What will you have to drink?"

Across the street was a little shooting gallery. There were three girls behind the green baize counter yelling "Hi! Hi!" all the time. A couple of flaring blue gas lamps lighted up the interior of the booth. Little white ducks on an endless chain kept swimming across the base of the range and disappearing with a happy clink-clink. A couple of orange-colored balls bobbed up and down on the tops of two slender columns of water.

"Let's shoot for the drinks," Bill suggested.

"Righto," Shep said. "How about it, Nikki? Want to shoot off a gun at something?"

NIKKI had no objection, so they all crossed the street to the shooting gallery. They lined up at the counter. The Washout against the wall on the far right. Next him stood Lennox, then Cary and Bill and Nikki and Shep.

"What the hell!" said Shep, picking up a rifle. "Haven't they got any automatics?"

They only had two automatics. Lennox had one and The Washout had the other.

"Well, then," Shep said, "one shot at a time, and the first one to miss pays for the drinks. How's 'at?"

"And for the shooting."

"What'll we shoot at?"

"Let's shoot at the clay pipes," Shep said. He took the bowl off a clay pipe with his first shot.

Bill knocked over a duck, but claimed that was what he aimed at. One of the orange balls disappeared from the top of the water column when Cary fired, and Lennox accounted for an owl. Then, unexpectedly, The Washout cut loose with his automatic, shattering a whole row of pipes with his split-second firing.

"Hey!" Shep yelled. "Gimme that there automatic. I'll show you some plain and fancy shooting."

But Francis refused to give it up. Nikki raised her little target rifle

to her shoulder. The end of the barrel described uncertain circles in the air. "How do you keep it still?" she wanted to know.



THEY were all watching Nikki when they heard Shep say sharply, "Hey there! Watch yourself!" A little Portuguese in a colored shirt and wearing a cloth cap and wrinkled brown clothes and with a flat white face had turned toward them and the muzzle of his

gun was pointing directly into Nikki's side.

With the back of his arm Shep swept the barrel of the gun away from Nikki.

"You little monkey!" Shep said. "Don't you know any better than to point a gun at anybody!"

"What's up?" Lennox asked.

"He was pointing his gun at Nikki. Tell him for Christ's sake to keep his gun pointed the other way."

Lennox let go with a flood of Portuguese. The little mongrel stood looking at Shep, his eyes narrowing.

Shep turned away. "Go ahead and shoot, Nikki."

The little Portuguese, turning around to see if he had an audience, suddenly pointed his rifle directly at Nikki's head. "Bang-bang! Bang-bang!" he cried, at the same time screaming with shrill laughter and looking around at the crowd at the rail for approval.

Nikki turned her head and looked squarely into the muzzle of the gun, to the wild amusement of the little Portuguese. Shep seized the barrel of the gun and tore it out of his hands.

"Why, you crazy squirt!" he cried. "What in God's name are you trying to do! Did you see that?" he demanded of Bill.

"Smack him!" Bill said, "or I'll do it for you!"

Lennox, who had seen the whole thing, was raving at him in Portuguese. The uproar brought a cluster of curious people to the shallow entrance of the shooting gallery, railed off from the street.

"Should I slap him?" Shep asked Lennox. "He's so small—"

"Sure. Give him a biff," Lennox said. "It'll teach him a lesson!"

But the gun girl had caught hold

of Shep's left arm and was pulling him around, turning him away from the Portuguese.

"Let go of my arm!" Shep cried. But she held on like a mad witch, and Shep, looking over his shoulder and down into the malevolent little face of the Portuguese, said, "When she turns loose of my arm, I'm going to slap you bow-legged."

The Portuguese was spitting curses at him. Then, without warning, he leaped upon Shep and, locking his legs about Shep's middle, buried his teeth in his throat just under the ear and held on like an evil bat.

Shep tore himself loose from the gun girl, got his hands on his assailant's throat, and forced his mouth open and his head back. The two of them whirled about for several moments before Shep could free himself. He hurled the Portuguese against the side wall of the gallery with a crash.

Shep took out his handkerchief and pressed it to his throat. "Of—all—the—tricks—" he was saying. The little Portuguese was gathering himself in a crouching position against the wall.

"Atence!" someone shouted.

NO one saw where the knife came from—somewhere in the Portuguese's clothes—but there it was in his hands, a clasp knife. They all heard a metallic click as he pressed a release in the handle and the steel blade flew out, long and slender and sinister. Bill said afterward it was a regular toad-stabber.

"Uh, oh," said Shep in that mild, surprised tone he used when something unexpected turned up.

He halted for a moment, uncertain.

"Steady on!" Lennox warned him in a low voice.

The appearance of the knife had stopped the breath of every person in the place. They stood, frozen in attitudes of arrested motion, staring hypnotically at the naked blade. Here, before their eyes, was murder.

The little Portuguese, his glittering eyes on Shep's face, was rising to a half crouch. His body was bent

forward at the waist and he held the knife close in—like the knife users around Montparnasse. He advanced on Shep, standing uncertainly. No one moved; no one spoke; no one breathed. He was closing in.

Shep did not back away. Instead he took a half step forward.

"Drop that!"

SOMEONE screamed. Shep was standing directly in front of the Portuguese and his shoulders blocked out the action, so those behind did not see exactly what happened. They were too close together now, anyway, for anyone to see exactly what happened. But it seemed that Shep made as if to seize the hand that held the knife.

Tat-tat-tat-tat-tat-tat—tat—tat—tat!

At the first report of the target rifle the knife fell clattering to the floor. As the lead poured into him, the little Portuguese began to claw at his belly and doubled over. A torrent of blood burst from his mouth and nostrils and he fell face forward on the floor, writhing and twisting.

Shep stood looking down at him. Not till the Portuguese was down on the floor did heads turn in the direction of the source of the firing. There was The Washout, back against the wall, the smoke curling from his automatic. His blazing yellow eyes were snapping like the rifle he held in his hand. He fired again across Bill's shoulder. Crack! The last shot took effect in the head. The jerking figure on the floor lay still.

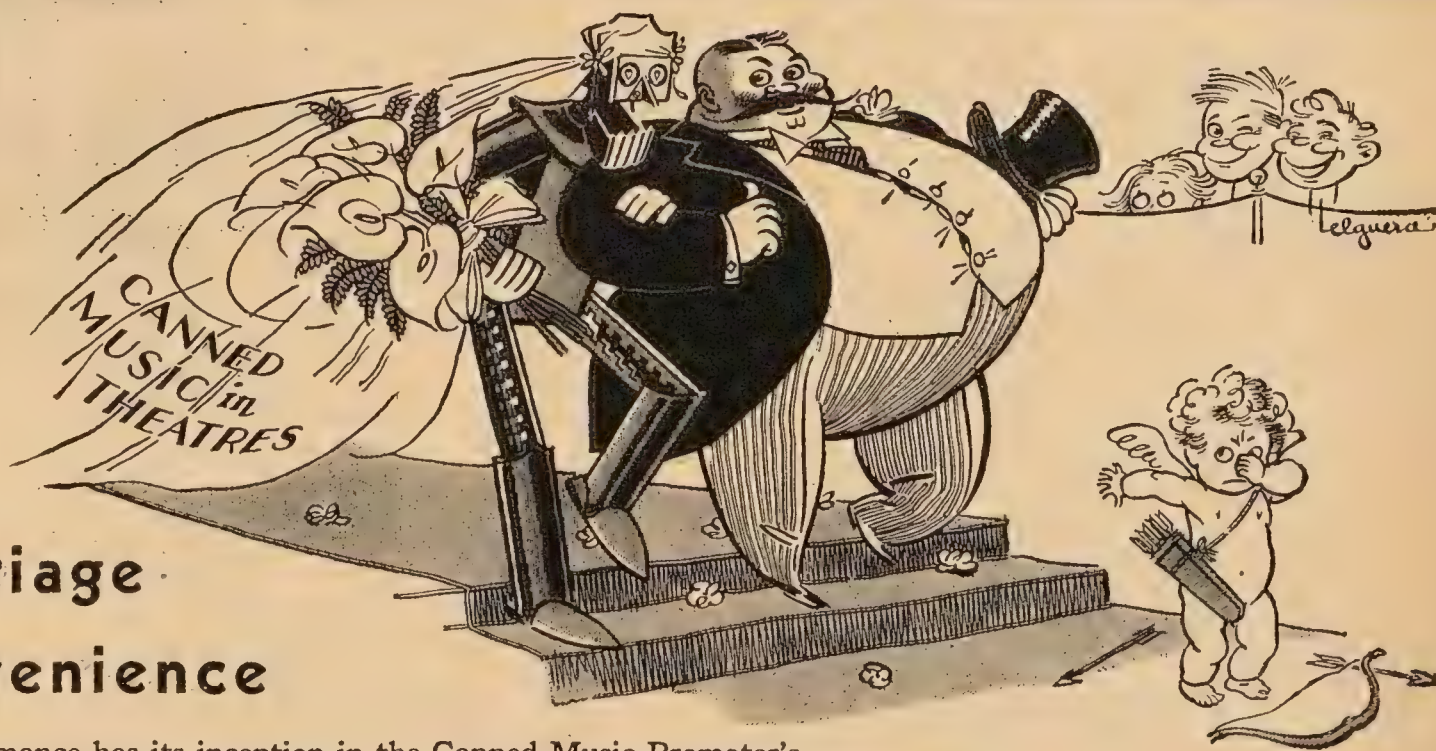
Still no one moved. The Washout put his gun on the counter, slipped past Bill and the rest, put his arms around Shep's shoulder for a moment.

"Good-by, Shep." From the pressure of his hands Shep knew it was for the last time.

Swift as a cat he disappeared in the crowd. The Washout was gone.

A whistle sounded shrilly. There was a pounding of feet, coming nearer.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]



A Marriage of Convenience

THIS modern romance has its inception in the Canned Music Promoter's conviction that he could love anything that would reduce his overhead expense.

You see, if theatre patrons can just be persuaded to accept less than their money's worth in the theatre, this happy couple can prolong their cacophonous honeymoon.

But the music loving public has failed to bless these nuptials as expected. The Music Defense League is voicing a voluminous protest against the substitution of Canned Music for Living Music in the Theatre. You may add your influence to this great movement by signing and mailing the coupon.

THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF MUSICIANS

(Comprising 140,000 professional musicians in the United States and Canada)

JOSEPH N. WEBER, President, 1440 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

L-1-10

AMERICAN FEDERATION OF MUSICIANS
1440 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Without further obligation on my part, please enroll my name in the Music Defense League as one who is opposed to the elimination of Living Music from the Theatre.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

Science Discovers LIQUID that has no color ..yet..



It Imparts Color to
GRAY HAIR

WILL the wonders of science never cease! Now a scientist has discovered a colorless liquid that actually imparts color to Gray Hair no matter what your age—no matter how Gray your hair—no matter what else you might have used without satisfaction. Already hundreds of thousands of people have used this amazing discovery. It is called Kolor-Bak and is as simple to use as A.B.C. You merely comb it into your hair and the color comes—the Gray disappears so gradually, so perfectly, that no one detects it. Another strange thing about this colorless liquid is that the one very same bottle will do for Blonde, Black, Brown or Auburn. Now you don't need to experiment with uncertain, messy, sticky preparations that may endanger your hair. Kolor-Bak, the clean, colorless liquid, leaves the beautiful sheen of your hair unchanged. Get a bottle from any druggist or department store today—and if Kolor-Bak doesn't make you look 10 years younger, your money will be refunded any time you request.

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Mercolized Wax Keeps Skin Young

Absorb all blemishes and discoloration by regularly using pure Mercolized Wax. Get an ounce, and use as directed. Fine, almost invisible particles of aged skin flack off, until all defects, such as pimples, liver spots, tan, freckles and large pores have disappeared. Skin is beautifully clear, soft and velvety, and face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out the hidden beauty. To quickly reduce wrinkles and other age lines, use this face lotion: 1 ounce Powdered Saxolite and 1 half pint witch-hazel. At Drug and Department Stores Everywhere.

THE EPISODE OF THE SHOOTING GALLERY

Continued from page fifty-one

"Clear out!" Lennox said to Shep and Bill. "I'll stand by for the police."

Followed by Cary and Nikki, they slipped through the thick fringe of excited people fast gathering in front of the shooting gallery and made their way down the street toward the entrance. Nobody stopped them.

"Great glittering Jeeroosalem!" Bill burst out. "Did you see the way Francis poured lead into that baby?"

"Fast work," Shep agreed.

"Fast! Fast! Why, that boy's chain lightning with a gun. He was the only one who did any thinking. The rest of us just stood petrified."

"Pretty good, all right."

"And did you see his face—his eyes? Did you see the whole thing?" he demanded of Shep.

"It was the prettiest piece of work I ever saw. I didn't even know who was shooting until it was all over. Those bullets went whizzing right past my ear. If I'd a moved an inch, I'd of got one in the jaw. They went right through here." He pointed to the angle between his shoulder and his head. "I didn't dare move. I was paralyzed, anyhow."

Bill was terribly excited by the whole thing. "That lad's sudden death, Shep; it's a good job I didn't crowd him—the way I wanted to."

"I told you to look out for him," Shep reminded him.

"Boy, oh, boy! You know where he shot that Portuguese first? Right in the belly. Then he just cut a line right up to his chin. It was the lung shots that brought out that blood. And then he put that last one in the head—just for luck."

"Nice shooting," Shep agreed again.

"WELL, that's the last of ol' Francis," Bill kept on.

"What will happen if they get him?" Nikki asked.

"Don't worry, sister. They'll never get that one. I'd be sorry for them if they ever did corner him. That's the first time I ever saw him look happy," Bill said reminiscently; "when he shot that drunken little monkey."

There were no taxis in sight.

"Let's walk a while," Bill said. "I'm so excited I want to walk."

"The hell with it!" Shep said. He sat down on the curb. Pretty soon a cab came along and Bill hailed it.

Shep made no effort to stand up. Bill took him under the shoulders and lifted him to his feet like a child.

Nikki got in first, then Shep, then Bill. Cary sat on the jump seat facing them.

"Well, sir," said Bill to Shep, "the old boy came through—at last."

They were all silent.

"What's the matter with you, Shep?" Bill wanted to know. "I've never seen you so quiet."

"That's right," Shep agreed; "I'm kind of quiet."

They rode along for a few blocks, the cab jolting over the cobblestones. Nikki took out her cigarette case and selected a cigarette. She offered one to Shep, but he shook his head.

"Your lighter working?" she inquired of Shep.

"Sweet Nikki," Shep said, "she never has any matches."

Shep reached into his waistcoat pocket, searching for the lighter. He brought it out slowly. Nikki put her cigarette between her lips and bent her head. Shep struck the flint. The light flared brightly in the dark interior of the cab.

NIKKI cried out. The cigarette fell to the floor of the cab.

Bill and Cary stared. The hand that held the lighter was wet with blood.

"Shep! Shep!" Nikki cried. "You're hurt!"

"It's a forgery," Shep said. But his body had already begun to sag against Nikki's.

"Bill! Cary!" Nikki cried. "Do something! Stop the cab! Something. Oh, Shepard!" She put her arm about him. His head was already against her shoulder.

"Shep! Shep!" Bill cried in a frightened voice. "Are you hurt? Where are you hurt, Shep?"

He pounded on the window and the driver stopped his cab. The gleam from the street light showed Shep's face—white as white. Cary's hands were exploring under Shep's white waistcoat.

"Here it is," he said. "He's been stabbed."

"Hospital! Hospital! Hospital!" Bill yelled at the cab driver. The car lurched forward, jolting over the cobblestones.

"We'll have to stop the cab," Cary cried out. "He's bleeding like anything."

"Nikki," Shep whispered, "could I put my head in your lap?"

Very tenderly she eased his head down into her lap.

"You may not believe it," Shep said, "but this is . . . the best thing . . . that ever happened . . . to me."

Shepard Lambert died next day in the Hospital de Sao José. Cary Lockwood wrote a letter to Shepard's mother in Illinois. Nikki wept like a child when she read it. She said it was the most beautiful letter she'd ever read.

Next week: one more episode—and then farewell to Nikki and her war birds.



Once More, Folks—The Game of The Great What-is-it?

CAN you cut these funny-looking scrambled animals apart and put them together again correctly? Try it. It's easy and lots of fun. Moreover, Liberty offers

\$500 in Prizes

to those who do best the three things specified in the rules below. Read the rules, get out the old scissors (or, if you prefer, make a tracing of the pictures), and see what you can do. *Entries for this week's prizes must reach us before midnight, January 17.*

The Prizes

are divided as follows: first, \$100; second, \$50; third, \$25; twenty prizes of \$10 each, and twenty-five prizes of \$5 each—making a total of \$500.



HERE is the group of winners who share in the prizes for putting together, naming, and writing rhymes about the Monkey-Pig-Goat pictures (shown at the left, correctly assembled) which appeared in our December 6 issue:

FIRST PRIZE—\$100

to Dorothy Thomas, 2629 Garfield Street, Washington, D. C., who sent the following rhyme:

MONKEY

Says the monk, "If you want
A real pedigree,
You can't leave me out
Of your family tree."

SECOND PRIZE—\$50

to Mrs. N. Fields, Post Office Box 112, San Diego, California, whose rhyme was:

GOAT

This fellow doesn't look so wise,
But don't you be misled.
No matter what he's up against,
He'll always use his head.

THIRD PRIZE—\$25

to Alma L. Adams, 3237 Harrison Street, Kansas City, Missouri, whose rhyme was:

PIG

He's all dressed up
With cane and hat,
But pigs is pigs
For all of that.

\$10 PRIZES

to Burleigh A. Allen, McFarland, Wis.; George E. Andrews, Waterbury, Conn.; June Armstrong, Spokane, Wash.; R. O. Cameron, New York, N. Y.; Nola S. Coe, Indianapolis, Ind.; Mrs. R. L. Condy, New York, N. Y.; Kathleen Daugherty, Chicago, Ill.; I. K. Dupee, San Diego, Calif.; Peter Gawthorne, Hollywood, Calif.; Ben Hamilton, Westboro, Ont.; Mrs. M. W. Heatherington, Orlando, Fla.; Edith Lowell, Gorham, Me.; Melvin Peacock, Sheboygan, Wis.; Mrs. W. A. Post, Syracuse, N. Y.; Lincoln Rappleye, Detroit, Mich.; Effie L. Ryan, Los Angeles, Calif.; Arthur H. Swan, Boston, Mass.; Bessie T. Tracy, Port Huron, Mich.; Beth Walker, New York, N. Y.; Audrey Wonderly, Canton, O.

\$5 PRIZES

to Paul B. Aller, Johnstown, Pa.; Raymond D. Andrews, Albany, N. Y.; W. J. Bailey, DeLand, Fla.; Doris Behler, Baltimore, Md.; Mrs. F. W. Brackett, West Pittston, Pa.; Marion Butler, Burlingame, Calif.; Madge Cavanaugh, Wilmington, N. C.; Margaret Chandler, Bowling Green, Ky.; Elizabeth Evans, Hoboken, N. J.; Joy Friend, Wynona, Okla.; Sara J. Gephart, Chiloquin, Ore.; Florence E. Hay, Erie, Pa.; H. Latham Hood, East Gadsden, Ala.; T. G. Hubbard, Jr., Little Rock, Ark.; Anna V. Hughes, Minneapolis, Minn.; L. Mildred LaLance, Huntington, W. Va.; Geneva Lear, Anthony, Kan.; Marie LeNart, El Paso, Tex.; Harold Purrington, Newburyport, Mass.; Mary J. Robinson, Roswell, N. M.; William C. Smith, Richmond, Va.; Elizabeth Tham, Des Moines, Ia.; Olive V. Vaine, Pittsfield, Mass.; Willis J. Welsh, Aberdeen, S. D.; G. M. Wood, Stockton, Calif.



The Rules

The composite pictures above, when cut apart and put together correctly, will make a number of animals.

To play the game of THE GREAT WHAT-IS-IT? you must do three things—

First, cut the pictures apart on the dotted lines, put the pieces together so that they will make properly formed animals, and paste the animals on a sheet of paper.

Second, write the name of each animal under its picture.

Third, write a rhyme of two or four lines about any one of the animals you have made. The rhyme may be on the same sheet of paper with the picture, or on a separate sheet.

When you have finished, send your pictures and rhyme, with your name and full address, to WHAT-IS-IT, P. O. Box 612, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

For the pictures which are most neatly and accurately put together and named, and accompanied by the cleverest rhymes, Liberty will pay \$500 in cash prizes, the prizes to be divided as indicated elsewhere on this page. In case of ties a duplicate award will be given each tying contestant.

You don't have to use the pictures on this page unless you want to. They may be copied or traced on another sheet of paper. Liberty may be examined at any of its offices or at public libraries free of charge.

This game is open to everyone, everywhere, except employees of Liberty and their families. The judges will be the editors of Liberty, and their decision will be final. WE CANNOT UNDERTAKE TO RETURN ANY ENTRIES OR ENTER INTO CORRESPONDENCE CONCERNING THEM.



Vox

Testimonial

WATERVILLE, CONN.—Have been reading Liberty now for quite some time; and find it more strengthening than any exercise or work that I could do.

There was one time when I was very, very timid, but after reading the Vox Pop I can lick my weight in wildcats and am so tough that even my mother-in-law has heart failure every time she sees me coming. By the time I get through reading one-half of the first page I feel as though I had had a boxing and wrestling match both at the same time.

Have been reading Liberty out loud



once or twice while holding my cat, and you ought to hear the language he uses, and see the rest of the cats in our neighborhood when I let him out.

Hope Liberty doesn't affect most people the way it does my cat and me, or we'll be having another world war.—*George and Ginger (my cat).*

Don't Change the Subject, Friends. This Piece Was About Kingsford-Smith

MARCUS HOOK, PA.—Having just read "They Call Him Daddy," by Richard Carroll, in your December 13 issue, and the wonderful testimonials paid Charles Kingsford-Smith by some of the world's greatest aviators (who undoubtedly know what they're talking about), it struck me as curious when I came to Lindbergh's "No answer."

What's the matter? Have we placed him on so high a pedestal that he can't be bothered to voice his views on a brother airman's achievements—or wasn't he home when Liberty called?—*Just Curious.*

MASSENA, N. Y.—I should like to comment on your article about Charles Kingsford-Smith. It was a knockout. But there was one thing that was conspicuous by its absence. There was no comment or reply from Colonel Lindbergh.

It seems to me that a man who accomplished the feat that Colonel Lindbergh did and who has received the recognition, the whole-hearted and unselfish accord given him by the entire world, should make it his solemn duty to extend,

publicly, his personal viewpoint. His position demands it!

I am not writing this in criticism of Lindbergh—I am merely expressing a very keen disappointment.—*One of the World's Worst Aviators.*

OAKLAND, CALIF.—Oh! Terrible! Terrible, terrible!

Of all the attempts to belittle and discredit Lindbergh, yours of the December 13 issue was the worst, smallest, lowest—words fail me!

To print the names of all of the great flyers and their opinions and then deliberately and with malice aforethought put "No answer" under Lindbergh's name was awful! Again—Terrible!

Even if he had nothing to say about Kingsford-Smith your taste in saying "No answer" was unpardonable.—*H. Klein.*

VALLEY STREAM, N. Y.—There seems no limit to which your aviation editor, Richard Carroll, will not go to make a three-ring circus out of the business of flying.

Kingsford-Smith is a great flyer, yes! But why does Carroll have to leave this country to find his great flyers?

I am one of the many who don't call Kingsford-Smith "daddy."—*Bruce G. Buckley.*

HACKETTSTOWN, N. J.—A good contribution by Richard Carroll for December 13. Lindbergh, the dear, retiring fellow, wouldn't respond, eh?—*Jack Everitt.*

CHICAGO, ILL.—In my opinion, at least, you deserve recognition of your courage in publishing the Kingsford-Smith article, or series of letters, in your issue of December 13.

You do, or should, know that Lindbergh is greater in the U. S. A. than the religious sects combined, yet a few of us think him a lucky god with clay feet. But it isn't a popular act, upsetting idols, so I fancy you have got yourself into one hell of a mess.—*James Francis.*

You Tell 'Em

SEATTLE, WASH.—Why not have Walton Green and your Crook of the Month, Roy Chadwick, get together and decide whether gangsters' "molls" are loyal to the end or merely mercenary?

Comrade Green makes them out loyal, and Brother Chadwick, who really should know, says they're only in it for the money, like true women.

Have one or the other make up his mind.

Love and kisses.—*One of the boys girls never forget.*

More Power to Ye, Lady!

GLENDALE, CALIF.—Your Vox Pop column of December 6, with its kicks about your cover slogan, "Tin Cans and Fried Rats Are Good Enuf for the Demekrats," gave me a hearty laugh and caused me to think of my first days of school. At recess two rings formed in the yard and the one I joined sang this song:

McKinley rides a white horse,
Bryan rides a mule,
McKinley is a gentleman,
Bryan is a fool.

McKinley is in the white house
Talking to the ladies,
Bryan is in the back house
Washing nigger babies.

That evening I repeated the above to my father who laughingly told me I was in the right ring. My grandfather Donnelly told me he was ashamed of me—that I should have been in the ring with the Democrats. But I ask you, Mr. Editor, what difference does it make what song the children sing or what ring they are in so long as they are amused and happy? There is time enough later for the serious side of life and I cannot understand why people take offense at your covers. Were they never children or did their memories snap, leaving them crabby?

My father told me once to start a discussion about religion or politics whenever I wanted an argument, so here goes: Hurrah for the Republicans, and Hurrah for the Democrats, but God save the Irish.—*Kathleen C. Richards.*

What This Country Needs Is Catsy Sailorettes for Future Uniforms

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Personally I'm in favor of having a women's navy, but the uniforms you depict in Vox Pop are positively disgraceful. Horrid pants! Your



Gobette



Marinette

artist has no imagination. I'm inclosing some sketches which I think are more suitable. Perhaps Dame Public won't agree with me, but they're my idea of catsy uniforms for the future sailorettes. Yo ho! Yours for better uniforms.—*Style-Conscious.*

Pop

All That Happened While She Was Still a Private Pilot

ST. PAUL, MINN.—Just finished reading "Lady Birds," by Alicia Patterson, and am wondering how in God's earth that member of the weaker sex ever got a transport license. It must have been her beautiful face because no person could ever pass an examination such as is required for a transport license by showing a lacking in the upper story such as she does.

Incidentally, while we are still on the subject, does she still follow railroad tracks and crossroads for her directions or hasn't she taken up flying transports? If that kind of flying is allowed in this country where the lives of a number of people under the pilots' care are concerned, it is easy to see why Europe looks upon our aviation industry with derision.—Larry G.

From a Constant Reader

MIAMI, FLA.—What I am writing will not likely pay dividends in interest, and will not affect your style of magazine work, but, from this date, never again will I permit one of your Liberty Magazines to enter my home.

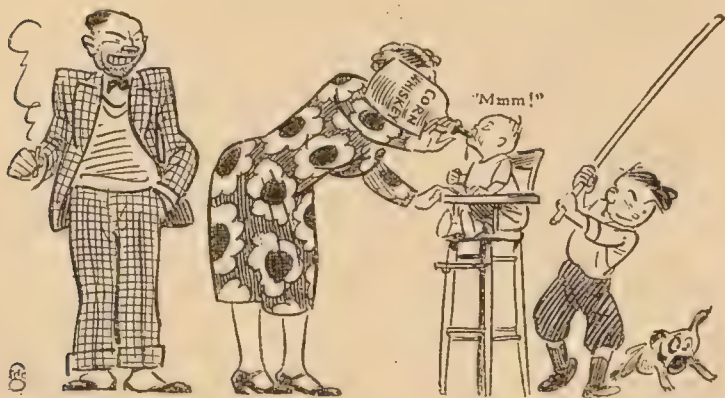
Of all the trash that you publish, it is a wonder to me how people continue to buy.

How you accept such stories that you print is beyond comprehension. There must be some way to put a stop to such filthy things as you publish. You are spoiling much good that you could do, were the magazine publishing tales worth reading, and instructive.—Frank Jones.

Here's a Subtle One

GREENVILLE, OHIO—When it comes to beautiful bad women, and big bad men, this bad little burg has completely annihilated Reno and Chicago.

Some of the biggest, baddest, and boldest around here have organized a "pro-



tective association" and have resolved to mob anyone attempting to sell a Liberty within our limits. Of course every good citizen sees to it that his three-months-old baby gets his daily half-pint of corn liquor before breakfast, but then we have our principles, you know.—A Yegg's Skirt.

The Nikki Problem

NEW YORK, N. Y.—It seems as if every unemployed person in New York was on the street, selling apples, so why



don't you give one of those apple vendors a chance to write a story for your book?

He could write it with one hand, without half-trying, and sell apples with the other hand.

I am sure that he couldn't write a more tiresome story than Mr. John Monk Saunders did. Saunders' "Episode of the Painted Toes" was so rotten that it put me to sleep before I finished it.—Jean Brester.

HILLSBORO, OHIO—Some time ago I sent you several stories which you promptly returned (not that I blame you) but you continued publishing stories which I did not think were nearly as interesting as mine were. In fact, I did not like anything in your magazine until the recent stories of Nikki and her war birds.

There is something about Nikki and her war birds that I envy. Things are so simple for them; they take a couple of drinks and any difficulty is solved for them, or at least deferred for the time being. These characters appear to be dam' good imitations of Ernest Hemingway's characters in "The Sun Also Rises." But, being imitations, they lack the life that the mentioned characters had. They are poured into the same molds; but the motive seems half baked.

Also there is a question in my mind—how can Nikki and her war birds be as young as they are supposed to be and still be the characters they are? I think they are about five years older than their ages are given.

Believe it or not, however, my reason for writing you this letter is to tell you that I do like John Monk Saunders' Nikki stories very much and hope you will continue publishing them.—N. H. Wilkin.

Bert Says He Is No Meddler

BALBOA HEIGHTS, CANAL ZONE—As I gaze upon the likeness of that chinless wonder, King Carol II of Roumania, the natural question presents itself: When, where, how and why do the general run of such parasites get a chest full of medals? Surely not for bravery or valor. Are they given for regular attendance at Sunday school—for saving soap wrappers, curbstone sitting contests, or are they presented by Santa Claus—and ex-mistresses?

An article on royal medals would, I am sure, be interesting to your readers, though, I'm afraid, rather embarrassing to royalty in general. Perhaps Bert Green could give us the dope.—J. Brathwaite, Jr.

[By Western Union]

CHATTANOOGA TENN

LOVE COVERS ALSO WALTON GREEN HAVE MORE OF HIS STORIES

MISS VERNON TIBBEE

Okay. What'll We Do to It?

DENVER, COLO.—Can't you find anything better to rave about editorially than the criminality of the Eighteenth Amendment? It's a dry subject, and profitless. Your dear public doesn't shell out its weekly nickel to read periodic repetitions of your puerile sentiments anent the prohibition question.

Give us a change, kind sirs. For instance, now, take the Fifteenth Amendment. There's quite a considerable group of us who look upon that little addition to the Constitution as the world's worst effort at lawmaking, an incalculable blunder, and an insult to our racial integrity.

Let's give a new amendment a bit of attention, by way of relaxation. How about it?—Marion Gustin.

Tolstoy vs. Duganne. Duganne Wins

CAMDEN, N. J.—Just when folks were really beginning to think that maybe Leo Tolstoy was a great guy after all, you fellows have to go and print a mess of tripe like that "Yellow Saplings by the Lake."

No wonder the story was just found. Tolstoy himself must have hidden it!—Fred Strahle.

CHICAGO, ILL.—This for Phyllis Duganne. I enjoyed "Beautiful and Dumb" more than any story I have ever read in Liberty, and Mr. Mitchell's illustrations were perfect.—H. T. G.

How Much Do They Owe You?

COLLINGSWOOD, N. J.—Will Liberty please add to its timely captions these few words: Pay Your Bills and Bring Back Prosperity.

Thank you.—Mary R. Rapp.

FAT

Is Going Fast



Why Not Yours?

No need to tell you fat is going fast. Think back ten years ago. Most folks above 40 were over-fat. Now slender figures are everywhere the vogue.

It is clear that some new factor is fighting obesity. Not starvation, not over-exercise, not harmful drugs. It is something which doctors everywhere employ. Science has found that a great cause of obesity lies in a weakened gland, and they are feeding that gland to correct the condition.

Ask your doctor. He will tell you how and why this great new factor acts.

Marmola prescription tablets are based on this new idea. A world-famous medical laboratory prepares them to fit the average case. They are for those who don't wish to pay a physician.

Marmola has been used for 24 years—millions of boxes of it. Users have told others and the fame has spread. Now it holds top place in a field once dominated by harmful treatments and by frauds. In every circle there are people who can tell you what they do.

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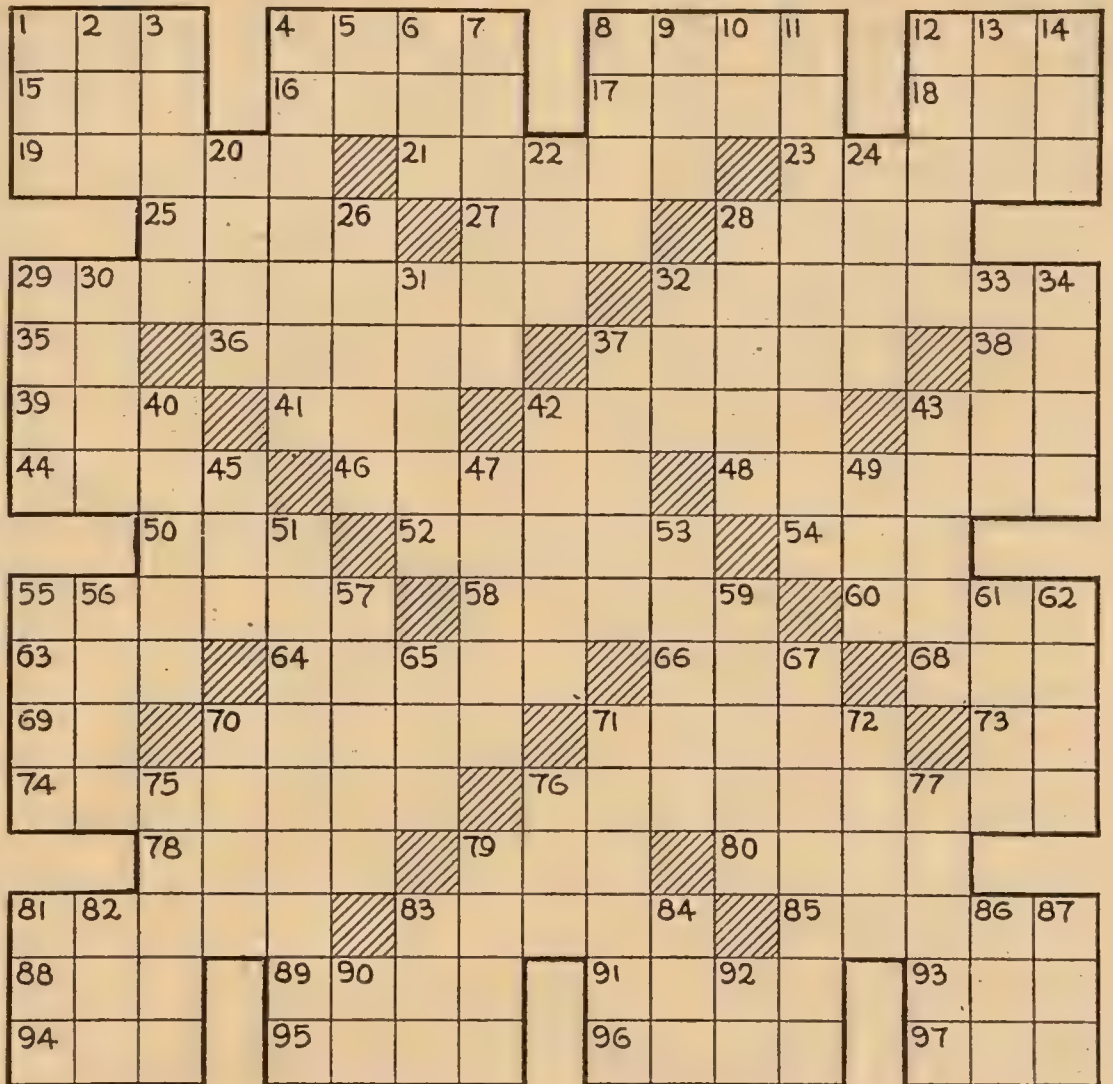
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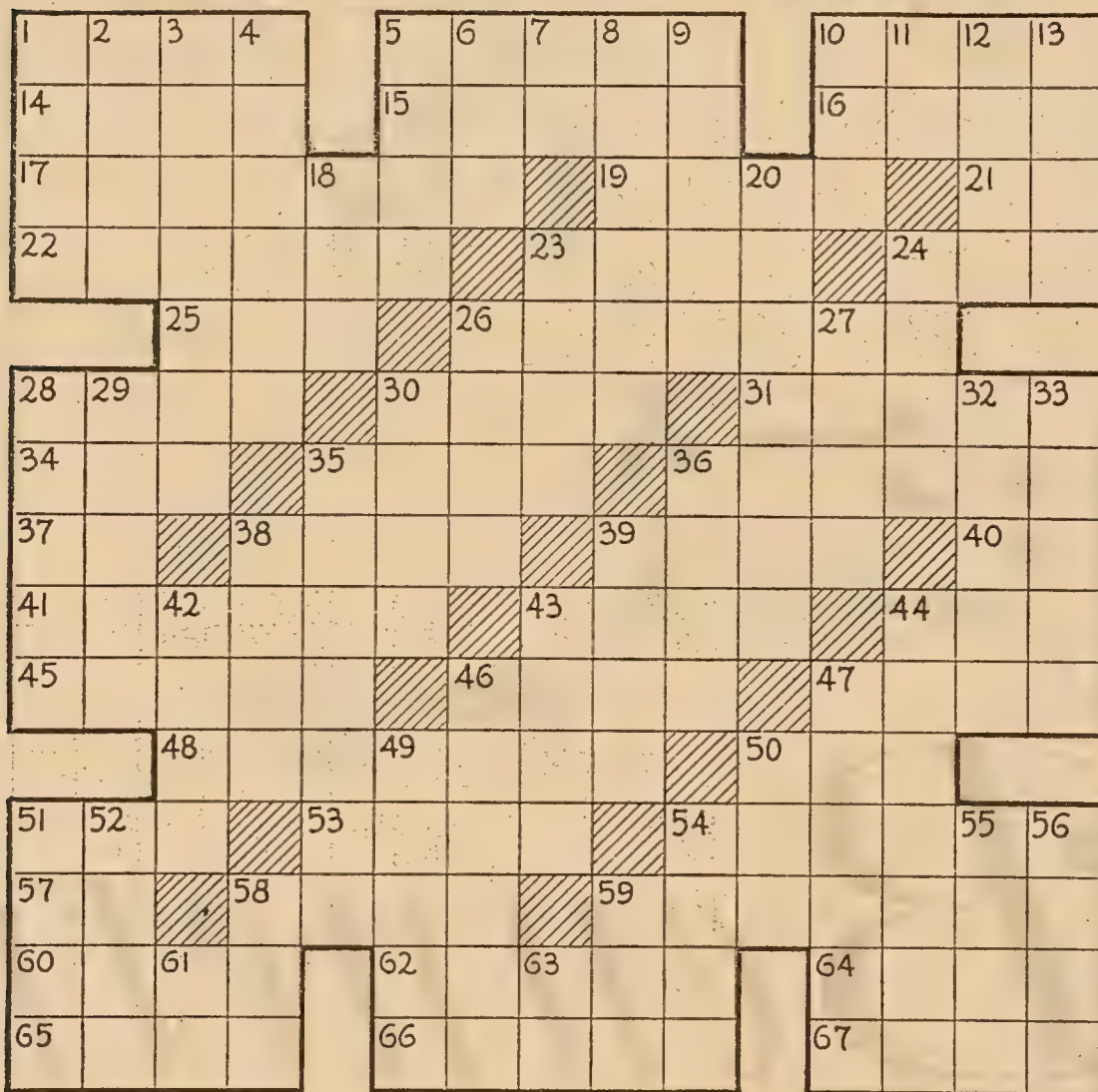
- ### HORIZONTAL

 - 1 Malt liquor
 - 4 Fly aloft
 - 8 Bound
 - 12 Greek letter
 - 15 Baronet's title
 - 16 A constellation
 - 17 American Indian
 - 18 Article of apparel
 - 19 Tempest
 - 21 A perfume
 - 23 Peruses
 - 25 Totals
 - 27 An immeasurable space of time
 - 28 Asterisk
 - 29 Without delay
 - 32 Excited with sudden fear
 - 35 Japanese measure of distance
 - 36 Plants
 - 37 Retinue; suite
 - 38 Symbol for an element
 - 39 Poem
 - 41 Undermine
 - 42 Silk fabric
 - 43 American author
 - 44 Departed
 - 46 Costume of Scotch Highlanders (plural)
 - 48 Freshest
 - 50 Child's toy
 - 52 Extinction
 - 54 Domestic animal
 - 55 Guides
 - 58 Districts
 - 60 City in France
 - 63 A conveyance
 - 64 Imitators
 - 66 Seaman
 - 68 Japanese coin
 - 69 An area ten meters square
- ### VERTICAL

 - 1 Beast of burden
 - 2 Illuminated
 - 3 Irregularly notched
 - 4 A season (plural)
 - 5 A conjunction
 - 6 Man's name
 - 7 Badgerlike animal (plural)
 - 8 Spare; thin
 - 9 Stray
 - 10 A sloth
 - 11 Had relation to something
 - 12 Any alluring quality
 - 13 Possessed
 - 14 A pronoun
 - 20 Corrosion
 - 22 Plaything
 - 24 Gain by effort
- 70 Fruit of the oak
 - 71 Part of a flower
 - 73 Not
 - 74 Loud-voiced person
 - 76 Settlings; dregs (plural)
 - 78 A fixed star
 - 79 Cardinal number
 - 80 The consort of Siva (Hinduism)
 - 81 Containing boron
 - 83 To screen
 - 85 Locations
 - 88 Beard of grain
 - 89 Genus of South African trees
 - 91 Language of Scotch Highlanders
 - 93 Woman's name
 - 94 An assent
 - 95 Fine linen fabric
 - 96 Sandpipers
 - 97 A color
- 26 Act furtively
 - 28 Killed
 - 29 Bow of a vessel
 - 30 Go horseback
 - 31 Warm
 - 32 Craft
 - 33 Terminates
 - 34 Course of nourishment
 - 37 A sample; bit
 - 40 Penetrate
 - 42 Heavenly bodies
 - 43 A shield
 - 45 Digit
 - 47 Commit to memory
 - 49 Succeeded
 - 51 Available or valuable in action
 - 53 Detested
 - 55 Mineral springs
 - 56 Form of pastry
 - 57 Ghost; specter
 - 59 Possessing flavor
 - 61 A coin
 - 62 Son of Seth
 - 65 To mistake
 - 67 Ancient Egyptian monarch
 - 70 Against (prefix)
 - 71 Transmitter
 - 72 A son of Jacob
 - 75 Eagles (variant)
 - 76 Billow
 - 77 Saltpeter
 - 79 At that time
 - 81 Arm of the sea
 - 82 To be indebted
 - 83 A pig
 - 84 Sooner than
 - 86 Woman's name
 - 87 Downcast
 - 90 Note of the scale
 - 92 Japanese measure of area

If you MUST know the answer, you will find it on page seventy

Puzzle Pages



HORIZONTAL

- 1 Controls by inspiring dread
- 5 Of or pertaining to morning
- 10 Mountain passes
- 14 Elf or fairy in Persian mythology
- 15 A binary compound of oxygen
- 16 Biblical name (Genesis iv.)
- 17 A religious recluse or solitary
- 19 Shout
- 21 In like manner or degree
- 22 To translate, as a writing in cipher
- 23 American operatic soprano
- 24 Coin of an Asiatic kingdom
- 25 Digit
- 26 Misrepresenting
- 28 Paradise
- 30 Courts solicitously
- 31 Pens
- 34 Parasitic disease of sheep
- 35 Flowerless plant
- 36 Sharp thrilling or prickling sensation
- 37 Printer's measure
- 38 A sum of money lent at interest
- 39 Bewilderment
- 40 Article
- 41 More advanced in rank or office
- 43 Hoarfrost
- 44 Being, in the most abstract sense
- 45 A test

- 46 In the part that precedes or goes first
- 47 Diminish
- 48 Three-legged stands
- 50 Stray
- 51 Form of to be
- 53 Parent
- 54 Climbing perennial plants
- 57 Mystic syllable used in Hindu worship
- 58 One of the sons of Noah
- 59 To divert from a right use
- 60 Wanton or disorderly behavior
- 62 Adventitious sound in breathing (plural)
- 64 A serf
- 65 Whirlpool
- 66 Small sandpiper
- 67 To pack

VERTICAL

- 1 Imitated
- 2 Existed
- 3 Built
- 4 A hot wind in Arabia, Syria, etc.
- 5 Anything proverbially small
- 6 Chopping implement
- 7 Syllable sounded in solmization
- 8 Short pastoral poem (plural)
- 9 Indigent
- 10 Girl (colloquial)
- 11 Month of the Jewish ecclesiastical year
- 12 Fatal epidemic disease
- 13 The track, as of a deer
- 18 Small fresh-water fish of Europe
- 20 To throw open to laymen
- 23 An immeasurable period of time
- 24 In eager desire; astir
- 26 By birth or nature
- 27 No one
- 28 To excrete, as indigestible matter
- 29 Eater
- 30 Impairment due to use, friction, etc.
- 32 To set firmly, as in the ground
- 33 Consciousness; intelligence
- 35 Without judgment or discretion
- 36 Domesticated
- 38 Prevaricator
- 39 Russian communities
- 42 Eggs of an insect
- 43 Went horseback
- 44 Gravely intent
- 46 Get-up of a book
- 47 Indian warriors
- 49 Supports for ends of a bridge span
- 50 Goddess of healing (Teutonic mythology)
- 51 Bore on the person, as clothing
- 52 Surrounded by
- 54 For fear that
- 55 A river in Tuscany, Italy
- 56 Boil
- 58 Inclosure
- 59 Write
- 61 An alleged force
- 63 The symbol for an element

If you MUST know the answer, you will find it on page seventy

OLD MONEY WANTED

We Paid \$200

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"Please accept my thanks for your check for \$200.00 in payment for the copper cent I sent you. I appreciate the interest you have given this transaction. It is a pleasure to do business with a firm that handles matters as you do. I wish to assure you that it will be a pleasure to me to tell all my friends of your wonderful offer for old coins."

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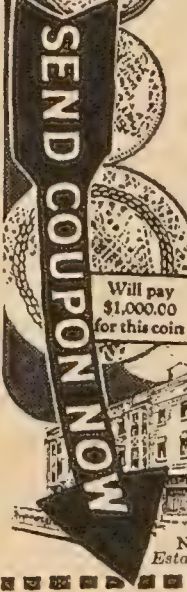
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Constance, Joan, and
Barbara Bennett as
children.

Photo by Moffett,
Chicago



Those Bennett GIRLS

*A Study of Three Sisters
Who Know What They Want*

(Reading time: 22 min. 17 sec.)

CONSTANCE, Barbara, and Joan are the children of a famous romance that blossomed on the stage: the union of Richard Bennett, who began bowling over audiences thirty years ago and more, and Adrienne Morrison, herself a distinguished actress.

The Bennett girls started falling in love early, around the age of sixteen. They are still falling in love. They love earnestly, whole-souledly; they have been known even to love desperately, hopelessly.

They are, it follows, experts. Love, the grand passion, is the thing they know best. Life has touched all of them, it has both softened and hardened them, taught them all the worldly graces, given them wisdom, *savoir-faire*, poise, charm to an astonishing and delightful degree; and perhaps it is not unfair to say that all of the gifts and good things that have been lavished upon the Bennetts have been laid by them in turn upon the altar of love.

Two of the Bennetts just now are the sensation of motion pictures. Their history since the talkies gave films a deeper personality has been an amazing succession of triumphs. Not only have Connie and Joan leaped almost overnight to stardom, but to the loftiest, brightest

peaks of that eminence. They are still on the way up, destined to great wealth and the peculiarly savage, merciless fame with which the world rewards its cinema darlings.

Connie and Joan typify feminine allure, sacrifice, oneness of purpose, to every other woman. They have been most successful portraying characters who gave their all for the sake of love. Their performances in these rôles have been breathlessly, passionately sincere. They

convince you, and I believe this is so because all three of the Bennett girls are exactly like that in their private, personal lives.

Love with the Bennetts never has been any pale, one-sided passion either. Because they give generously, unquestioningly, they receive love in the same abundant measure. They have inspired some famous passions already and they will inspire others.

In my experience as Hollywood reporter for the New York News I've heard legions of stories about Connie, Barbara, and Joan. Their cool, detached poise, their undeniable gifts, their way of knowing exactly what they want and then going after it, set them apart in the tinsel and glitter of the unreal movie world.

I was warned that in Connie and Joan I would find a

By

FLORABEL MUIR



who has gained her acquaintance of screen players during the two years she has been the Hollywood reporter of the New York News. Her newspaper career has carried her from coast to coast, including positions with the Los Angeles Examiner, the San Francisco Chronicle (of which she was Sunday editor), the Salt Lake Tribune, and the Chicago Herald and Examiner.



Constance, who wants to earn a million and be independent.

couple of hard-nosed women of the world, sophisticated beyond their years, brittle, artificial, lacquered, cold, haughty in the *grande dame* manner.

I discovered, instead, two girls equipped with the educations of duchesses, quick and sure intelligence, and the determination to make their dreams come true.

They haven't many friends and almost none at all in the movies. Connie's particular pals are the Marquis de la Falaise and George and Diana Fitzmaurice. The point of contact there is that both the Fitzmaurices and the marquis are Paris-born and Connie loves everything French. Joan goes everywhere with John Considine, Jr., an associate producer at Fox, and their eventual marriage is one of Hollywood's romantic possibilities.

EVERY year thousands of girls try to crash the gates of Hollywood and fail. What, I wondered, is there about those Bennett girls that brings them brilliantly to the peak apparently without a struggle, while others, just as beautiful, just as industrious and earnest, cannot make the grade?

I found the answer in the words of Constance.

"Mother," she told me, "was determined that we should not be children of the theater. She had seen so many stage children in her experience as an actress that she wanted her daughters to have a better, broader opportunity.

Joan, who is following Connie fast on Film Success Road.

"We were carefully guarded from the theater and its influence in our early lives. We grew up naturally and happily free from the artificiality of the stage. We played with normal children—normal in the sense that their childhood was not passed in a make-believe world. Our friends were just nice girls who thought of the theater only as a means of entertainment and never as a profession.

"The result was that we developed interests outside the theater. Almost none of my friends have any connection whatever with the stage. When I play a part I have resources within my own experience to aid me in my conception of it. For example, if I play a society girl I know that the person the audience sees on the screen is going through the motions, using the inflections, and in general deporting herself as a society girl would. It's no theory with me. I know. And if my characterizations are sincere and true it is not by accident. It is because I have learned life by living it."

The mother of the Bennett girls, Adrienne Morrison, is sixth in the direct line of a family long eminent

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Barbara, who has quit acting to be the wife of Morton Downey.

[THOSE BENNETT GIRLS]
[Continued from page fifty-nine]

on the stage in England and Scotland. She was born Mabel Morrison and met and married Richard Bennett when he was a successful young actor. Miss Morrison's mother was Rose Wood, once Lester Wallack's leading woman and later in the Philadelphia Stock Company made famous by Georgie Drew and Maurice Barrymore. Her father was Lewis Morrison, who played Mephisto in Faust for seventeen years in the United States. Adrienne Morrison herself supported her father in the rôle of Marguerite at fourteen and after her marriage to Richard Bennett co-starred with him in many plays.

Adrienne Morrison watched with vigilance over the education of her three talented daughters. While she and her husband were busy through the theatrical season the girls were at home in Palisades, New Jersey, under the care of expert nurses and tutors. At an early age they were sent to schools where their associates were the daughters of the best families, both socially and financially. They went to finishing schools in this country and in France. Connie is a graduate of Mme. Balsan's school in Paris, while Barbara and Joan chose L'Ermitage, in Versailles, to put the finish on their training.

Life has had no secrets from them since they were old enough to understand. At sixteen they were more sophisticated and worldly wise than most women are at sixty. At sixteen Joan was taking weekly trips from Paris to London by airplane to meet an American boy whom she married the following year. This was in 1925.

The boy was John Martin Fox, son of Robert R. Fox, millionaire Seattle lumberman. They were married in London on September 15, 1926, when Joan was seventeen. Their daughter, Adrienne, was born in March, 1928, and later that same year they were divorced.

The summer and fall of 1928 found Joan pretty much at loose ends with the world. Not yet eighteen years old, she was already a wife and mother. All that life had taught her of self-discipline, courage, fortitude, self-reliance, she had need of in those dark months.

She had separated haughtily from her youthful husband and was entirely on her own resources with the baby to support. In this crisis her father came to the rescue.

"I'm opening in a play called Jarnegan," he told her. "It looks like a hit. I have an interest in it and you can have the job if you want it."

JOAN eagerly accepted the offer.

"Father paid me one hundred and fifty dollars a week," she told me. "He was right about the play. It was a hit and a life-saver to me. Not only was I able to support myself and the baby out of my earnings, but I gained an invaluable knowledge of the theater that I couldn't have had in any other way. Any young actress who has the opportunity to learn her business from a man who knows his theater like Richard Bennett does is lucky."

Now came another and a different crisis in Joan's career. Brock Pemberton saw her in Jarnegan and offered her \$500 a week to star in a new play called Hotbed. Left to her own decision, Joan might have accepted the job. She sought her father's advice.

"There's nothing in the way of your taking the offer if you want to," he told her. "You can't be held legally liable. But why deceive yourself? You knew perfectly well what you were doing when you signed for the run of the play. You're as capable of judging for yourself as you'll be a year from now. So, though you're free legally, you're bound morally to stand by your word. Do it and you won't be sorry."

Joan told me all this with a twinkle in her eye.

"After father had given me all that advice," she said, "he added, 'and besides the show's going to be a flop.' It was. Nobody knows his theater like father does. I stayed on with Jarnegan and made my first big success. I've worked hard since that time, of course, but get-

ting over the first hurdle was mighty important to me."

Though Barbara has turned out to be the thoroughly domesticated Bennett sister, it didn't look like that early in her career.

From Miss Hopkins' school in New York City Barbara went to L'Ermitage in France. Returning home she went on the stage at once, appearing with her mother in The Fool, and the following season with her father in The Dancers. Later she had small parts in musical comedy.

It was while in a supporting cast with her father that Barbara made her *début* on the front pages of the metropolitan newspapers, an appearance that has been repeated with pretty fair consistency since.

BARBARA was seventeen at the time. In the files of the San Francisco Chronicle of November 21, 1923, under a New York date line, I found this item:

Barbara Bennett, seventeen-year-old actress, refuses to be spanked and has left her father, Richard Bennett, actor, for the shelter of her mother's home, Bennett revealed today.

Father Bennett laid down a rule for Barbara that she must be home promptly at midnight unless she informed him where she went and with whom. One night after the show Barbara went out with Pat Somerset, actor, and Edith Day, his wife. She left a note at the door for her father but he did not get it.

The newspaper story went on to tell of a row at dawn in which all the Bennetts, parents and daughters, were involved, that came to a climax when Dick Bennett hit a policeman on the nose while asserting his right to administer a spanking to Barbara.

Connie assured me that the newspapers got it wrong.

"It wasn't dawn," she said, "or anything like it. The hour was two A.M. I was living with mother, and father began calling up the apartment asking where Barbara was. I'm the one who always has to calm father down when he's in a temper, so mother and I got into a taxi and hurried over to his apartment. Meanwhile I had called different places where Barbara might be, located her, and told her she'd better hurry home.

"Well, Barbara, Pat Somerset, and his wife came strolling in. Father insisted that the only humiliation that could be administered to Barbara to impress on her the importance of keeping her word was a spanking. I argued, mother argued, and Somerset argued. While father and Pat were talking I took Barbara to one side and got her out of the apartment unnoticed and over to mother's. When father finally got around to the business of spanking there wasn't anyone to spank."

This incident taken from the family life of the Bennetts illustrates one phase of Dick Bennett's character. From the time they were small children he has insisted that his daughters realize the importance of sticking to their agreements. He was not so concerned with the fact that Barbara was out late as he was with the fact that she had promised to be home at midnight. It was the violation of her given word that inspired in him the idea of corporal punishment.

Connie indicated slyly that it was her father's noted proclivity for the utterance of informal homilies that afforded her the opportunity to give him the slip with Barbara. Anyone who has listened to one of Dick Bennett's post-curtain orations will get the point of that.

Maurice Mouvet saw Barbara dancing at the Mayfair one day not long after the spanking episode and urged her to become his partner in place of Leonora Hughes, who had just married Carlos Basualdo, an Argentinian millionaire. She toured Europe and America with Maurice for two years. Next she danced with Billy Reardon and then came her first appearance in pictures with Buck Jones.

In Hollywood came Barbara's first love affair of which there is public knowledge—an infatuation for Dick Barthelmess.

She was twenty-one at the time. Like Joan and Connie,



Richard Bennett and Joan, who played together in Jarnegan.

she had plumbed the depths of worldly knowledge and was steeped in sophistication. There had been talk of an engagement between her and Luis Basualdo, brother of Carlos. The Los Angeles Times of March 28, 1926, under the headline, "Dancer Denies Death Attempt," said:

Scoffing at reports that she had attempted to end her life because of an estrangement from her sweetheart, Barbara Bennett, twenty-one-year-old daughter of Richard Bennett, well known actor, and former partner of Maurice Mouvet, last night declared that the incident that led to her being treated at the Receiving Hospital after she had started to drink from a bottle of antiseptic at her Hollywood apartment, was an accident.

She announced that she is engaged to Luis Basualdo, scion of a rich South American family, and that she expects to meet him this summer in Europe.

This was the nearest the newspaper reports came to conveying to the public the real facts of the story.

Instead of trying to kill herself for love she had reached for a bottle of cough medicine and found the antiseptic bottle by mistake. So prone was the public to believe the spectacular about Barbara that most newspaper accounts continued to give the impression that she had attempted suicide for love of Barthelmess.

Joan told me of Barbara's infatuation for Barthelmess.

"I remember the night Barbara first saw Dick," she said. "He was the guest of my mother and father in our box at the Equity ball. For a long time she didn't seem to be able to get him out of her mind.

"She met a lot of other men, of course, but always cherished foolish romantic dreams about Dick.

"Perhaps he cared, too, but friends of his in Hollywood persuaded him that he could not have Barbara and his career as well and he listened to them."

Chief among the friends to whom Dick listened was Ronald Colman, then and now his pal and confidant. Ronald and Dick are two movie actors who take their careers seriously. Colman did not think Barbara, with her tumultuous Bennett temperament, was the right girl to march along with Dick on the road to fame and riches.

In any event, the incident of the poison vial definitely closed the affair and Barbara played no part in the life of Hollywood until the talkie era, when she played the featured lead in *Syncopation*, one of the earliest important sound successes made by RKO. This triumph led to another film engagement in *Mother's Boy*, with Morton Downey. She fell in love with Downey and they were married on January 28, 1929.

It is interesting to note that Barbara and Mary Hay, who used to be Mrs. Dick Barthelmess, are the best of friends.

ONE fact constantly impresses itself upon the inquirer delving into the careers of the extraordinary Bennetts. It is that, while all of their careers have important points of similarity in their broad outlines, each one has been lived independently of the others. There is a fine, unselfish friendship among the sisters today and this may be due to the fact that each has allowed the others to go their way without unsought advice or comment.

They have earned whatever success has come to them strictly on their own, though there are strong family bonds holding them together based on the great love of all three for their mother and boundless respect for their father.

Up to now the most dazzling Bennett career has been that of Constance. She is the eldest of the three. The

weekly magazine, *Time*, described her in its issue of December 30, 1929, as "a big-eyed, knowing, bow-lipped blonde" who "created an atmosphere and a tradition all her own at country club dances and college proms, to the indignation of the watching mothers of less gifted daughters."

Connie has been "creating an atmosphere and a tradition all her own" since she was fifteen.

After finishing at Mme. Balsan's school in Paris she came home to New York prepared better than she knew to conquer the world.

There is a great deal of her strong-willed father in Connie and it crops out in unexpected places. When I suggested to her that her father had much to do with the shaping of her character she was a little inclined to sniff and assert that her mother had wielded much the more potent influence in her life. That observation made sister Joan smile.

"CONNIE," she said decisively, "is the image of father. They are as exactly alike as two peas. Mother and I have remarked their similarity many times, just as we have remarked our own similarity to each other. Mother and I understand each other instinctively and so do father and Connie. Mother and I were both born under the same sign of the zodiac, Pisces."

We are told by the psychologists that two strong natures of like motivations and urges invariably clash. Perhaps Connie would prefer not to credit Dick Bennett with making her what she is today, but she can't get away from it. She is her father's daughter in everything—in determination, will, courage, honesty, firmness of purpose, yes, and in a tincture of ruthlessness too, and in her airy scorn of opposition.

Dick Bennett, after attending school in Kokomo, Indiana, earned his living in the prize ring. He has been tailor,

gambler, barker for medicine shows, always battling his environment with no quarter asked, eternally fighting his way upward, determined to win a place in that comfortable world where those with the longest check books maintain their serene, luxurious being.

He has succeeded, and his daughter is succeeding after him by much the same methods.

But Dick Bennett knows better than to believe that his eldest daughter is in the least awed by him.

This was illustrated by an incident that occurred while he was playing in *Jarnegan* in Chicago. Connie came through town and together father and daughter received the press. Bennett seized the occasion to ply the lash of bitter satire on Hollywood and all its works and pomps.

Connie, to the amusement of the assembled reporters, took open issue with her father and an informal debate on the merits and demerits of the glittering world of the cinema took place.

It is to be recorded that Bennett, perhaps on one of the few occasions of his life, admitted he was wrong on all points.

Connie, privately, often has things to say about aspects of Hollywood that she doesn't like; but she is far too honest with herself to ridicule the source of her income.

The world remembers Connie's marriage to Phil Plant, the Broadway playboy, and her divorce as well. But it has almost forgotten that she was the heroine of a runaway marriage long before that, when she was not yet twenty

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]



Barbara with the late Maurice Mouvet, when they were a dancing team.

[THOSE BENNETT GIRLS
Continued from page sixty-one]

years old. The youth on whom she showered her affections was Chester Moorehead, a student at the University of Virginia who had been her escort at proms, football games, and club dances.

"I thought I was truly in love with Chester," she said. "He was the first love of my life. But I was wrong and my parents were right."

The elder Bennetts had the Moorehead marriage annulled.

Connie began her career in pictures when Samuel Goldwyn saw her at an Equity ball and his keen eyes immediately appraised a future star. Her own inclinations did not lie that way because after a desultory beginning she left Hollywood.

Society gossiped about her and Phil Plant, who was at the time reported engaged to Judith Smith, a New York society girl. Connie told reporters that Judith could have Phil because she didn't want him. However, Connie and Phil were married at Greenwich, Connecticut, on November 3, 1925. They went to Florida that winter and Connie's renunciation of theatrical life seemed complete. She was quite resigned to a career as the wife of a spectacular multimillionaire.

Something happened. Connie returned to New York and soon thereafter departed for France, while Phil went on a hunting trip to Africa. Though not completely divorced until late in 1929, they never lived together again. Connie remained abroad and almost became an expatriate. Strangely enough, it was the Marquis Henri de la Falaise who persuaded her that a bright future lay ahead for her in pictures; and Henri's persuasion came just in the nick of time, for Connie was contemplating another leap into matrimony.

"It was quite difficult to persuade her to leave Paris for Hollywood," the marquis told me, "because she had a notion of marrying again. The lucky fellow was a Spaniard well known on the Continent, but she finally agreed to forget love for a while."

HENRI DE LA FALAISE compliments himself that in picking a film winner in Connie Bennett he did a shrewd job and the movie magnates of Hollywood agree with him. He persuaded Joseph M. Kennedy, then president of Pathé, to sign her for five years, with three months off each year to allow her to live in her beloved Paris. Later, after she had made good with a bang, he persuaded Pathé to share with her the profits accruing from "farming her out" to other studios at a salary much higher than that which her own employers paid her. As a persuader in the case of Miss Bennett the young marquis has distinctly made good.

As he advised her in those days, she is returning the favor now with shrewd counsel. Henri is in Hollywood trying to carve out a career as a producer of French talkies for RKO and Connie is doing all she can to further his success.

Miss Bennett was reported at the time she divorced Phil Plant to have received a million-dollar trust fund from his estate. She assured me that this report is quite true, but her friends say she has never touched a cent of it.

"I want," she once told me, "to earn a million dollars by my own efforts. I want to be rich, not for the luxuries that wealth brings but for the independence it affords. I want to live in France. I have no desire to grow old acting in motion pictures. I look upon my profession as a business and I give it my best efforts, but I don't want to give it my entire life."

She hopes she will not have to continue overlong in the

movies, but that doesn't mean that she hasn't a wholesome respect for her profession. She reads her fan mail and is one of the very few actresses who place an intelligent valuation upon it. She answers personally every letter which she considers was written with serious and honest purpose.

"I'm really serious," she assured me, "when I tell you that nothing helps me so much as intelligent criticism from my audiences. I receive very valuable benefits from it and I have the sincerest appreciation of the interest taken by those who trouble themselves to write to me."

And yet there is a naïve side to Connie. Someone on the set at the Pathé studio showed her an article in a fan magazine that compared her favorably with Clara Bow.

"Look," she cried excitedly to her friends, "here's a story that says I'm as popular as Clara Bow!"

REX COLE, her business manager in Hollywood, says she is the shrewdest women in the picture industry. He ought to know, for he handles not only her investments but those of dozens of other famous stars as well. His admiration of Connie is boundless.

"She can step into a room," Cole assured me, "with a group of bankers and stand them on their heads with her intricate knowledge of finance. She knows the earning power and the dividend record behind every bond and every share of stock she owns."

All three sisters show in their daily life the effects of their finishing-school educations. None of them uses slang. If they want to relieve their feelings with the sound of

words they know the words to use, but these are neither slangy nor obscene. They know what to do with their hands and feet, how to modulate their voices, how to achieve that so-desirable effect of poise by the set of the head and the angle of the chin. Any girl that wishes to cultivate the external social graces can do no better than to watch and imitate their movements on the screen.

Connie and Joan are blondes and petite. Each weighs around a hundred pounds and stands about five feet five. Connie goes in a lot for sports, tennis and dancing her favorites. Joan is quieter. Barbara has brown eyes and dark brown hair.

Since love and romance have been the mainspring of their lives, it has always been difficult for them to keep love and business separated as many believe they should be. Thus Joan came into pictures through John Considine, Jr., who saw her in Jarnegan and persuaded Joseph M. Schenck to place her under contract. Now she and Considine are so friendly that Hollywood expects to hear of their marriage any time. I've already told you about Connie and de la Falaise, but I had not mentioned that they, too, are seen everywhere

together and their names are constantly linked.

The suit for divorce filed against the marquis recently by Gloria Swanson naturally flooded Hollywood and the rest of the country with rumors. The mutual attachment of Henri and Connie is an admitted fact. They don't deny that they're close pals, but neither is willing to discuss anything that savors of romance.

It remained for Dick Bennett, perhaps unconsciously, to bestow the accolade upon his colorful progeny. It happened at a party in New York last winter where all the Bennetts were guests.

Introducing them he would say:

"I want you to meet Constance, Barbara, and Joan. People used to call them the daughters of Richard Bennett. Now they refer to me as the father of those Bennett girls."

THE END



Philip Plant and Constance on their Palm Beach honeymoon.

Hoodoos

*The Story of a
Sailor's Wooing*



"Why, Edgar, what are those funny places on your arms?"

WALLACE MORGAN —

(Reading time: 30 min. 50 sec.)

YOU may have read about how Abe Saulus, a very bad gentleman from New York, gave his all to the new Hall of Justice, or whatever it's called, in Miami, Florida, because it was a nice, ghastly story and all the papers gave it front page for a day and a half. Some of the events leading up to it are interesting.

It started one day, a year ago May, in a brick boat-house near Sheepshead Bay, New York. Three men were standing, facing the wall with their arms raised, and across the room were two other men, one with a machine

By

FRANK LEON SMITH



who has worked on newspapers, in an advertising agency, on two women's magazines, and for a hardware trade paper. He has managed a taxi company in Chicago and supervised moving pictures in Hollywood. He is the author of a number of short stories and serial fiction. He lives in Brooklyn, New York.

Pictures by WALLACE MORGAN

gun and another with a revolver. Fiori, the man with the revolver, was looking out a window at a mechanic who was working on an outboard motor mounted on blocks. When the motor was started, Fiori was to signal Saulus, who then would fire the machine gun.

One of the men against the wall was the leader of their little group of malefactors, the others were his lieutenants, and practically all of their rumrunning capital was now in Saulus' pocket. It was a large packet of large

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HOODOOS
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bills, but Fiori wouldn't touch it because it had an elastic band around it.

Just before the motor was started, a hulking big blond chap with a sea-beaten face as red as beef came in with a can of oil. He had time to say, "Hey! What the—" as Saulus was completing the thought, "No witnesses!"

"Line up there, Ike! Make it snappy!" Saulus said, in a queer, dry voice.

That was all the preparation that big Ike Alby, from the state of Maine, had for the last knot in his destiny. Pale-faced, he stood beside a man who was whimpering convulsively, and a moment later the motor started, and so did the gun. For an instant the mechanic outside was confused, then he made some slight adjustment on the motor, and as the machine gun stopped abruptly, the firing of the motor seemed more satisfactory.

Saulus and Fiori walked from the front of the boathouse to their car. Saulus was carrying the machine gun, wrapped in a newspaper, and the barrel was hot, even through the paper. Their car didn't go very fast at first, and no one noticed. From what they read in the extras that night the bodies were not discovered for three hours.

With metropolitan courtesy the assassination was accredited to visitors from Chicago. Theories and motives were advanced and all known gunmen were ordered rounded up. The bodies had been taken to the nearest hospital, and Inspector Cummings, who came down from New York to take charge in person, didn't feel called upon to inform the press that there was life in one of the victims.

IKE ALBY came of tough, hardy stock. His father, as a second mate, had fallen from a mizzen royal and lived to make good use of his master's papers. His mother regularly milked from ten to fifteen cows before taking up the work of running the house, raising children, weaving rugs, and milking the cows again.

Ike, who had run away from home at the age of twelve, had plenty of chances to test his vitality, but this was a real one. He believed he was dead, and in answer to gentle questions in the world he went to, all he could answer was, "I was a fool to run that boat. I was a fool to run that boat—"

He came back from beyond the horizon and said it audibly, but no one heard him at first because he had so many bandages around his head. It seemed that flying chips of stone and mortar and fragments of steel bullets

ricocheting from the wall had done things to his face.

He couldn't tell Cummings very much. He was not a crook, but he had run a fast rum boat a few times for some men. He didn't know the names of any of them. The two who did the shooting he knew only as Pie Plate and Rubbers.

"I gave 'em those names myself," he explained. "I handed one of them a piece of pie on a paper plate once when we were out, and he dropped it and screamed like he'd touched a red-hot coal. The other guy laughed at him, and said to me this feller couldn't bear to touch a paper plate. Then the pie-plate guy got sore and began kidding this feller about elastic bands. Seems this other guy fairly squirmed at a rubber band. I saw him do it





With fingers shielded by a napkin, he tore the plate into pieces and dropped them on the floor.

afterwards. That's all I know about 'em. They shot me because I blundered in at the wrong minute, and, fer Gawd's sake, don't get me in the papers so these gunmen will foller me everywhere I go!"

As Messrs. Saulus and Fiori were smart enough not to claim leadership of their gang, and were content to let it go to another, and pretend not resentment because of this cowardly deed of rivals, they were not suspected, even by their own comrades.

A young doctor who intended to specialize in plastic surgery had an excellent opportunity to practice his artistry on Ike; and the first time the youth from Maine saw himself in the glass, he thought: "Your mother wouldn't know you now, without you had a certificate. You ain't a bad-lookin' feller, considerin', but you've turned into some kind of a Swede."

Some months later he used his own name to withdraw the last of his savings from the bank and reimburse the hospital people. Then he borrowed "Edgar Nelson" to

go with the nationality he thought he favored. He was very sore at the gunmen for what they had done to him, but he had respect for their methods, and wanted to put plenty of distance behind him. He knew the coast from St. John's to St. Johns, and soon had a job, taking Harry Cruden's boat down to Florida.

There were two married couples aboard and a young broker who had done well in Wall Street because he had an office and acted as score keeper while others fought and worried. This chap, Stebbins, and Edgar Nelson acted as crew, and the women did the cooking.

Harry Cruden, a plump, middle-aged man with thin hair, took quite a fancy to Edgar. He came out on deck early one morning, just as Edgar dove off the bows in the altogether, and when Edgar pulled himself aboard, Harry said, "Good Lord, Nelson! You look like you've been through the wringer! You were not in the war, were you? Must be too young—"

"Naw. I got caught in the works at the shop," said Edgar, grinning. "I was pretty leaky for a while."

AT Miami they tied up at the city pier and the guests went to a hotel. Edgar had nothing to do but see that the boat didn't sink, go to the dog and horse races, dance, and keep up with the movies. He was sitting on the boat one day in clean white ducks, freshly whitened shoes, and a new top on his

captain's cap, thinking he should take the boat out and turn over the motors he had been tinkering on, when someone hailed him, "Hello, Blondy!"

He looked up on the pier at a girl whose flaxen hair looked almost white, she was so tanned. She was young and healthy and attractive and she wore gorgeous sport clothes, and her eyes were as blue as his own. Lots of the girls who strolled the pier spoke to him, but this one was different—as different as a cup defender from a boat-factory job. He called, "Blondy yourself. Where are you going with all that tan?"

She came to the edge of the pier and looked down at him. Nice legs, nice teeth. Nice girl. They talked for a few moments, those important nothings that are not published in textbooks, because those who use them know them and those who don't would get slapped; then he suggested, "How about a little spin around the bay? I was just going out, but I was all lonesome."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[HOODOOS
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He helped her aboard. "Your boat?" she asked.

"Shooer," he answered. "Name is Nelson, Edgar Nelson."

"Swedish?"

"Shooer! I ban svensk, choost like you."

She laughed, and swung the sun hat she was carrying. "How'd you guess?"

He cast off and handed the boat past the others and into the clear. Just for a moment she seemed doubtful. "I must be back by four—and no funny business, now."

He looked at her evenly. "Don't spoil everything. I've only got two engines and the wheel, so I can only use my spare time for nonsense."

He started his motors, and she reached for the wheel. He let her have it, saw that she handled the helm skillfully, then was content to stand beside her as they headed for the draw in the causeway. "Where are you stopping?" he asked presently.

"Roney-Plaza," she answered. "I go to star-board of this boat ahead, don't I?"

"Shooer. And how does your mail come—just Miss Miami Beach, or did you leave your rings on the washstand, and maybe you're Mrs. Flamingo when you're home?"

"No. I'm not Mrs. anyone! Must you know? My name is Sandra."

"Sandra what?"

"Sandra Tholander."

Edgar leaned with folded arms on the chart board, his hips high, and looked over his shoulder at her. "We'll pay on the first name. Sandra is a peach. But the other is out. We ought to change it."

"Fresh!" she said, but she was smiling as the boat shot under the causeway.

"Look, Fred!" cried a lady to Stebbins in a car on the causeway. "Isn't that the Arabesque?"

"So it is! And what a gorgeous-looking girl!"

"Isn't she? Isn't her hair just marvelous? We must ask Nelson about her."

Nelson was trying to provide himself with information for his own satisfaction and guidance. They went up to the end of the bay, and then, opposite the Nautilus, they shut off and watched a race between three or four leaping speed boats. Edgar got ginger ale and sandwiches from the ice box and they had a little picnic.

She was down here with her father, a retired banker, from St. Paul, she told him. "He's crazy about sail-fishing. He goes out after them every day and talks about it all evening." She didn't care so much for fishing, and she had been over at Miami, shopping. She supposed Mr. Nelson must think her very bold, but he had seemed so blond and good-natured.

"Not at all. Call me Edgar—and eat that other chicken sandwich. No, Sandra," he went on seriously, "I'm awfully glad you did hail me. I meet all kinds, of course, but it's a pleasure to meet a nice, sensible girl that knows how to handle a boat. Most of 'em up home—I'm in the coffee-and-tea business in Boston—most of them are a nuisance at the wheel. They always want to steer, and then they get you into jams."

IT was almost four before they knew it, and Sandra was excited, as she was having some people in to tea at four thirty. She would be glad to ask Mr. Nelson, she said, but he would be bored, as they were mostly middle-aged friends of her father.

"Roney-Plaza," he said, as he held the boat to the pier and helped her off. "I'll give you a ring tomorrow."

"Please don't," she said hurriedly. "Father is—well, I'll tell you—if you like, I might come by tomorrow—a little earlier, say about one or one thirty."

"I'll be standing on my hands, waiting, from twelve o'clock on." He grinned, and his voice was more gentle and respectful. "Don't let all the blood rush into my head, Miss Tholander."

She smiled. "I won't, and I thank you and the Arabesque for a very pleasant afternoon."

He watched her stride down the pier and get into a big car at Biscayne Boulevard. Then he hauled off and

smote the cedar side of the dinghy a blow with his great fist that nearly drove its ribs in. "Oh, boy!" he shouted, and sang a sentimental waltz song in terrific, untuneful la-de-das, until the engineer of the big Moonshiner, alongside, cried, "Louder, Rudy! Where's your megaphone?" and threw an old doughnut at him.

Gee, those Swedish girls were pretty! And strong. Walked off just like a man. Sandra. What a peach of a name! And she seemed to like him—but had he been too fresh? No, or she wouldn't have agreed to meet him next day. Maybe he better call her Miss Tholander for a while, just to show he had been well brought up and knew how to act.

He wanted to give her something. But what? Those rich girls already had everything. Cruden had some nice photographs of the boat on post cards. He found one that showed Captain Edgar Nelson at the wheel, and after a lot of deliberation, he lettered, "Ship ahoy! What is your latitude and longitude?" and put it in an envelope and addressed it to her at the Roney-Plaza.

He was up with the sun the next morning, swept and washed thoroughly below and on deck, and gave the binnacle, side lights, ventilator cowls, and other brass work a going over that put neighboring yachts to shame. Then he went ashore, marketing, and got together a picnic lunch that included ice cream. He looked to his gas and oil, and picked out a bathing suit that should be just a fit for Sandra. About twelve o'clock, when his neck was stiff from looking in the direction of the boulevard, he swore a string of deep-sea oaths, for Harry Cruden, Stebbins, and some people they had met the night before were coming along the pier.

CRUDEN was delighted to find the boat looking so trim. On Edgar's assurance that the larder was stocked, they put out for Ragged Key and made a long day of it. Edgar smiled glumly when they tore into his sandwiches and salad and things, and lauded him for providing even ice cream. Cruden told him he must be a mind reader.

Coming back, late that night, Stebbins stood beside Edgar at the wheel as he picked up the channel lights. He was surprised when Edgar asked him suddenly, "Mr. Stebbins, how can a feller make a lot of money quick? Is there any chance in Wall Street?"

"My God, Edgar, keep away from that place! What do you want with a lot of money? You're young and healthy. Your job is good with Harry as long as you want to stay. I happen to know. He likes you, and when he goes north he's planning a Canadian trip that will last all summer. So the boat will be in commission until he comes down here again."

"Well, I wasn't just thinking about myself."

"Oh," said Stebbins. And after a while, "Who is she, Edgar? The blonde girl I saw you with yesterday? She's very beautiful—"

"Ain't it so?" Edgar was pleased. He went on, "But the deuce of it is, she's rich, and what chance have I got?"

"Know her long?"

"Aw, no, but in a case like this—you know how it is—"

"Oh, sure." Stebbins slapped him on the back. "Just let nature take its course. These things have a way of adjusting themselves."

Edgar spun the wheel to turn in toward the pier. "I may be in wrong already," he said. "I was supposed to meet her today and take her out—"

Stebbins roared. "And we ate up your picnic! Aw, Edgar, that's a crying shame. Why didn't you say something?"

"Keep it under your hat," said Edgar quickly. "Don't let on to Mr. Cruden."

"Well, here's consolation for you. We're all going to Nassau for ten days, on a big boat, so you can get in some great licks while we're gone."

Cruden told him of this plan when the party was going ashore. Edgar asked him, "Do you mind if I use the boat some while you're away? I'll take good care of everything, and I'll buy my own gas and oil, of course. I just



thought I might like to go out for a few hours, once in a while."

Cruden told him to go ahead, and gave him a month's salary that wouldn't be due for two weeks. The next day Edgar had the Arabesque glistening again and the larder replenished—in case. His wild hopes were realized, for Sandra came along in a beautiful blue sport skirt and sweater as he was playing ball with the young captain of the Attaboy. He rolled the last ball negligently down the pier and signaled "All through," and turned a fiery face to the smiling girl.

"Guilty, your honor," she said, "and please don't be too harsh on me, for this is my first offense. I did try—but I couldn't get away."

"Huh?"

"I do hope it didn't spoil any of your plans—but I had no way of letting you know—and at the last minute some people came. Am I forgiven for deserting the good ship yesterday?"

"Oh, boy!" said Edgar. "Get right aboard, Miss Tholander, and let's you and me go out and see what makes the Gulf Stream work."

"You used to call me Sandra," she said, and slung her hat on a settee and went to the wheel.

Big Edgar found he had never known before what being happy was. They went out through the inlet and cruised northward, and eventually came back and anchored off Miami Beach. Sandra thought that Stebbins' bathing suit should be just right, and when he came out of the forward cabin and she emerged aft, he said, "A one, and, speaking for Lloyd's, you're a swell risk."

"Why, Edgar, what are those funny places on your arms?"

A deep flush undertinted Edgar's tan. "Oh, I had an accident. I got a lot more of those places on me. Do I look awful?"

"Of course not. Last one in's a big it."

He was willing to be it so he could watch her as she poised for an instant on the rail and then upended swiftly, to disappear in the water with the quick "Chuff!" that sounded a perfect dive.

THEY didn't know where the time went to, and again he had to get her to the pier by four. She hadn't mentioned the post card, and he didn't ask. Neither had said half the things intended because there had been so many inconsequentials.

She hung the suits carefully to dry, and was in the after cabin when he tied up.

"Oh, Edgar!" she called.

He dropped down into the cabin, wondering if she had lost something. She was standing with one hand on a dresser rail, looking at him oddly, and as he came closer, she put her arms around his neck and kissed him.

"That's for the best time I ever had," she said, and ran up the companionway.

"Hey! Sandra! Wait— Aw, gee,

Sandra, have a heart!" He galloped after her, but she was on the pier when he reached the deck. "I want to see you tonight," he said. "I'm coming over to the hotel!"

"I won't be there. I'm going out—"

"But, Sandra, I'm not afraid of your father. I'll have to meet him sometime."

The crew of the Moonshiner was taking an interest, so Sandra came to the edge of the pier and said softly, "Not just yet, Edgar. If you'll be awfully good—I might see you tomorrow, or the day after, just for a minute. I have to account for my time, you know."

"Tomorrow!" he called, and thumped the rail. "Right here! This boat! If you ain't here by twelve thirty I'll paint my face blue and go over to your hotel and shame you! I'll ride a bicycle in the lobby—"

"All right, all right, you brute!" She smiled, waved to him, and hurried away with her long, free stride.

"She kissed me!" Edgar thought. "Gee, those Swede girls are nice and affectionate! She kissed me, and her with all that money! Gee, I got to make some jack! This ain't getting us anywhere."

That night, just for something to do, he went to the dog races at Hialeah; but when his dog, with twelve dollars on him at exciting odds, led the pack to the three-quarter mark, and then sat down and when the

others came up darted in and seized some enemy by the neck, and so finished last, Edgar was disgusted. This wasn't getting rich very fast. He wandered out, thinking, and all his thoughts involved Sandra.

SHE had asked about the bullet marks on his arms. Would he ever have to tell her the truth about them? Would she be frightened away from him if she knew? Was it right for them to be together when sometime he might be recognized?

And he knew his life wouldn't be worth a finger snap if those murderous gentlemen realized a witness to their work was about.

He wasn't afraid of them. It was a daily prayer with him that he should meet them, together or separately, with no one about to interfere. They were going to pay, and with plenty of interest, for breaking his body. But it wouldn't be right for Sandra to be mixed up with it. Anyway, why worry? He had a new face and a new name, and he certainly wasn't going out of his way in search of trouble.

Somebody had told him that they had good beer at Burch's Houseboat. He dropped off the bus, on the way back, and went into the great floating cabaret that was tied up to the bank of the Miami Canal. The place was gay with lights and music, and most of the guests were in evening clothes.

He sat at a table on the side,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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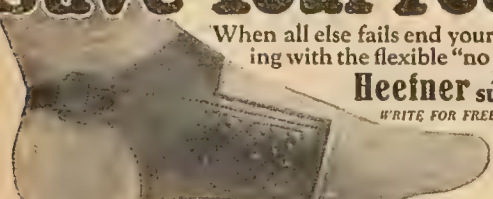
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GUARANTEED



HOODOOS
[Continued from page sixty-seven]

ordered cigarettes and some beer, and looked at the dancers. Nice-looking crowd, he thought, until he saw three hard-faced gentlemen at a table near the entrance. He had never seen them before, but he knew the type.

"Guns," he thought. "Gamblers, perhaps, down for the races. Tough babies."

And then his heart skipped some beats as he glanced at the table adjoining theirs.

Sandra was sitting there, very lovely in a dark evening dress, and with her at the table were Saulus, Fiori, and a thin girl with a heavy sun-tan make-up and large red lips.

He was half out of his chair before he realized, and then he sat back, wondering if his impulse had been to flee or to go over and knock their heads together. Sandra! In the name of heaven, how had that nice girl come in contact with those murderers? They were chatting, laughing, looking about easily. She seemed to know them well. Where could she have met them? But, on the other hand, there was a very sketchy crowd here in the winter. People made acquaintances they wouldn't tolerate at home. Could it be that Sandra knew them to be gunmen, and was fascinated in that silly way society girls had, according to what he'd read?

THE waiter brought his cigarettes and beer. "Say," said Edgar suddenly, "have you got such a thing in the kitchen as a paper pie plate? You know, one of those made of that soft, fuzzy paper?"

"Sure," said the waiter. "How many you want?"

"One will be enough right now."

The waiter brought the plate. Edgar hesitated. He wanted to torment Saulus, but what should he write?

Fiori got up to dance then with the red-lipped girl. Saulus leaned closer to Sandra and talked earnestly.

Edgar wrote in the bottom of the plate in big letters: "Tell her about the brick boathouse in Sheepshead Bay."

"You see that swarthy guy over there?" Edgar said. "Put this down in front of him and keep on moving. Don't let him know who gave it to you. It's a joke—just a great big joke."

He tipped the waiter and watched. Those three men at the next table no doubt were bodyguards for Saulus and Fiori, and this was no time for physical violence, but meanwhile he could have some fun with that precious pair.

He wondered where he could get some elastic bands to snap at Fiori.

The waiter put the paper plate

down in front of Saulus, moved behind some dancers returning to their table, and got away without being noticed. Saulus, talking to Sandra and gesturing, picked up the plate without realizing what he was doing. Then he started, gave an odd little cry like a hurt dog, and stared at the plate, with its message, "Tell her about the brick boathouse in Sheepshead Bay."



"Stop! I'll let go! I'll let go!"

His eyes popped, his face took on a greenish hue, and perspiration glistened on his forehead. His frightened gaze swept the room, rested an instant on Edgar, then passed on without recognition.

He shoved back from the table, leaped up, and with fingers shielded by a napkin, he tore the plate into pieces and dropped them on the floor.

Sandra was startled. She asked, "Why, what is the matter?"

"Indigestion," he mumbled. He walked quickly to the entrance,

thrusting aside a tall man whose seamed face was brown in the manner of natives of Florida.

Edgar had missed nothing. "By God, that fetched!" he thought, and saw he had been right about the bodyguards, because two of the men had followed Saulus out. "I'll find out where he is staying and I'll wear him to a thin shadow before I break him in halves."

He wanted to go to Sandra, but first there was Fiori. The music stopped just then, and the floor cleared slowly. Fiori took the red-lipped girl to a table across the room and left her with people she seemed to know, then went to the men's room. Without any definite idea in mind, Edgar got up to follow.

ON the way, he passed the desk of the checker of trays from the kitchen. He saw a box containing rubber bands of various sizes. He threw a half dollar on the desk and said, "May I have a handful of these?"

The girl at the desk smiled and nodded. Edgar thrust his fistful of elastics into his coat pocket and went into the men's wash-room. Fiori was not there. Wondering, Edgar came out, then noticed there was a door in the passageway leading to the upper deck, or balcony, of the houseboat. He went out. Fiori

was standing, alone, at the rail, lighting a cigarette, and looking at the dark waters moving steadily to the sea.

Edgar moved beside him, and just as Fiori was dropping his hand to the rail, Edgar threw some elastic bands. Fiori rested his hand on them, but not for long.

With a scream he jumped back and shook his hand as though it had been burned. Edgar threw the rest of his handful of bands in Fiori's face. It might have been a handful of serpents, to judge by Fiori's reaction.

He shook, quivered, moaned, and tore at himself to get the rubbers from his lapels and waistcoat. All of this in less than five seconds.

"You ——!" he cried, and darted his right hand under his left arm, but Edgar was ready for that. He twisted the gun backward and upward, almost breaking the man's fingers, and when Fiori let go, he threw it into the river.

Now Edgar forgot caution. He smashed Fiori in the face so hard he flew against the railing, and followed him up, intending to beat him to a pulp.

Fiori, frenzied with fear at the savagery in the face of this giant stranger, climbed over the railing and got the corner post of the balcony roof between them.

"What's wrong with you, guy? Who do you think I am? You got the wrong guy? You don't know me and I'll have you smoked for this!"

Edgar looked at him and began picking up elastic bands. He came close to Fiori and said, "You couldn't do it in Sheepshead Bay with a machine gun, and you can't do it now!"

More white showed in Fiori's eyes than he had ever exposed before. He gasped something in Italian, and then screamed, as Edgar dangled the rubber bands against his hands.

"You don't like them, do you?" Edgar asked. "Funny how scared a man can get at a little thing like that. And your side partner—he don't like paper pie plates—but he'll see a lot of them before I'm through."

"Stop! Stop!" Fiori cried. The music started up again, and he called loudly, "Izzy! Luigi! Moe! Get this ——!"

But no one came. "Stop! I'll let go! Oh, for God's sake, mister, have a heart! I'll let go!"

"Well, why don't you?" Edgar asked, gently drawing the bands over his fingers.

"It's full of alligators and poison snakes!"

"Great; but it'll be tough on the snakes when they bite you. What do these things remind you of, anyway?"

FIORI moaned and prayed and cursed. His body was bent back over the water and he kept changing his handholds on the post to avoid the rubber bands. Once he made a terrible, whimpering, giggling sound. "Snakes—snakes! Oh, my God! Stop, will you!"

He let go and receded suddenly, giving Edgar an instantaneous impression of a person falling in the movies with the camera directly above him. He struck the water, came up sputtering, and squealed, "I can't swim!"

Some people came out on the balcony just then. Edgar was stripping off his coat.

"Man overboard!" he said, and dove from the rail.

There was excitement. People threw chairs and life buoys from the

balcony and one man threw a potted plant. Men ran along the canal bank, shouting.

The Miami Canal is not a pleasant place to swim, especially at night, but Edgar wasn't thinking about the weeds and ooze and the limber things that might be lurking there. He got Fiori presently, and towed him to the bank, a little distance below the houseboat. "First get the water out of him!" he panted, and willing hands worked over Fiori. He was dead. There wasn't any water in his lungs, but in the darkness and excitement, no one noticed.

EDGAR returned to the houseboat and hurried through the restaurant to get his coat on the balcony. "Guy fell off and I went in for him," he said briefly to questioners. Then he went quickly to Sandra, who had come back to her table for her purse. She gasped when she saw the big chap with a dry blue coat and white flannels that were plastered to his legs. "Come on," he said roughly. "I'm going to take you home."

"Why, Edgar—Mr. Nelson—what—how—"

"Never mind. Let's go before someone starts asking questions." He shoved his wet hair back from his forehead and detached a weed from his shirt.

"Will you hurry, Sandra? This is no place for you."

ICONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE



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DAUGHTER
AND AS
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[HOODOOS
Continued from page sixty-nine]

She had a frightened, pleading look, almost as though she were going to cry. "But, Edgar—I can't go."

"No!" Edgar was savage. People were beginning to come back. Waiters were staring at him and the puddle around his feet. "No, I suppose you've got to wait until your gunmen friends come back! You're just like a lot of people. You think it's smart to hang around them and read about them and talk about them. You don't know anything about them. They're heroes, are they? Well, they're a bunch of bums!"

"But, Edgar, I don't know what you're talking about. If you mean those men I was with—I don't know them. I—I work here, I live here. I lied to you about the hotel."

He gaped at her, and then he smiled. "Hooray for you, kid! I've got to beat it—but come down to the boat tomorrow. I don't own it. I work on it. And, whatever happens, don't let on you know me."



Late that night in his office at police headquarters, the tall man with the sun-browned face of the Floridian, finished pasting together the pieces of the paper pie plate, and he and his superior composed a wire which they sent to the commissioner of police at New York.

When Inspector Cummings read it, he remembered, and swore. "Saulus!" he said. "And that big sailor that lived said the man who handled the machine gun was afraid of pie plates. Saulus—and we never suspected it might be one of the same gang. Maybe his chum, Fiori, was in on it."

He wired: "Arrest and hold Saulus. Sending detectives with data. Also hold Fiori member same gang," and a description followed.

Saulus was packing and had sent one of his men to the station for the tickets, when the Miami officers came to his hotel the next morning. He hadn't told his henchmen why he had decided so suddenly to leave this balmy climate for the blizzards of the north. He couldn't. If Fiori had got himself drunk and drowned, it was too bad, but Saulus certainly wasn't going to linger in a place where someone knew about the Sheepshead Bay affair and wrote on pie plates.

He managed a smile for the Miami men. "What's wrong?" he asked pleasantly.

"Oh, I guess the chief is tired of entertaining all the guns from New York down here. He's watched you ever since you came, and now I guess he's got the skids all greased. Put your coat on."

"Sure, but you've got nothing on me."

Saulus walked along with them calmly, and once, when they got separated in the crowd watching the work on the foundations of the new Hall of Justice, he hurried to join them, as an indication of his innocence.

"SIT down, Saulus," said the Miami chief quietly. "Over a year ago, on May seventeen, to be exact, you lined four men against the wall of a brick boathouse at Sheepshead Bay, New York, and cut them apart—with this."

Saulus, who had started to speak, closed his mouth suddenly as the chief reached under his desk and brought up a machine gun. Of course it wasn't the same one, but Saulus didn't know it. "It's a real nice gun, but there's one little nut here we can't seem to adjust—"

"Boloney," said Saulus. "I don't know what you're talking about."

"Oh, yes, you do, city boy. Here, catch!" and he scaled the paper plate with its message, into Saulus' lap. Saulus leaped up, tipping over his chair, and screamed.

Later that forenoon, Edgar Nelson, rather haggard from sitting up all night on the after deck with a shotgun across his chair arms, finished reading the

morning papers. A man by the name of Joseph Fiori had fallen from the deck of a floating cabaret the night before and had drowned. Evidently he had been intoxicated. That was all. No mention of Saulus, or Fiori's racketeering connections.

"Good morning!" someone said, and Edgar jumped.

Sandra was on the pier, all in white, with a white beret. "May I come aboard?"

He went to the rail without a word and took her elbow to help her, and without letting go, he escorted her down into the after cabin. He looked at her a moment and then he kissed her. She clung to his neck and cried. "I don't know why I lied to you. I—I have nothing to be ashamed of, but I knew Mrs. Burch and she gave me a job on the houseboat—and I could have told you as well as not—"

"Hush, sweetheart. You've got nothing on me. What was it I was supposed to be—a big coffee-and-tea man? And I'm only the hired hand. The main thing is, do you know any reason why you shouldn't become Mrs. Alby?"

"Mrs. who?"

Edgar laughed. "It's a long story, and I can only tell my wife. How about you?"

SHE must have said the right thing, for a few moments later they were sitting on a cabin settee and he was telling her of the brick boathouse.

"But what about that man, Saulus?" she asked, when he finished.

Edgar said, "I'm not afraid. I don't think they suspect anything, and I look altogether different. From what I read in the back numbers of the papers, they didn't ever let on to the rest of their gang. They didn't dare to. Now I think I can get you a job right on this boat. Anyhow, you stick close to me, and if we can't work for Cruden, we'll catch a job on some other boat. You like boats, don't you?"

"Love 'em! My father followed the sea, and my uncles— Say," she broke off and looked at him fondly, "you lied to me. You said you were Swedish!"

Edgar laughed and drew her to him. Just then a boy ran down the pier, bawling an extra. Edgar thrust her away, and got up so quickly his head thumped a cambered cabin beam. "Listen!" For the boy had shouted the name "Saulus!"

Edgar ran up on deck and bought a paper. They read it together. In an attempt to escape from the police, Saulus, suspected to be a New York gunman, had climbed out a window, dropped to an alley, sprinted up the alley, and climbed a high board fence. He had paused to jeer at his pursuers, and then had dropped over the other side of the fence—into the cement form for the new foundation of the Hall of Justice. Cement and broken stone from five great chutes were thundering into that narrow wooden chasm that offered no handholds. The report commented in several places about the irony of the situation.

And that is about all, except for one little scene on the Arabesque, bound northward for New York. Harry Cruden was at the wheel, and Mrs. Alby, his charming new stewardess they were all so keen about, was in the galley, preparing lunch. Her hulking big husband was using valuable space, just so he could be near her and look at her. "Here, Old Man Nelson, you might help if you must stand around." She beamed at him and thrust into his hand one of the peaches she had to peel.

Edgar dropped it and giggled and flipped both hands, and backed away. "Fer Gawd's sake—never do that again, Sandy. I just can't bear to touch a peach. Never could. I'm funny that way."

"Well, of all things!" she said, and he looked so silly and big and helpless that she had to kiss him.

THE END

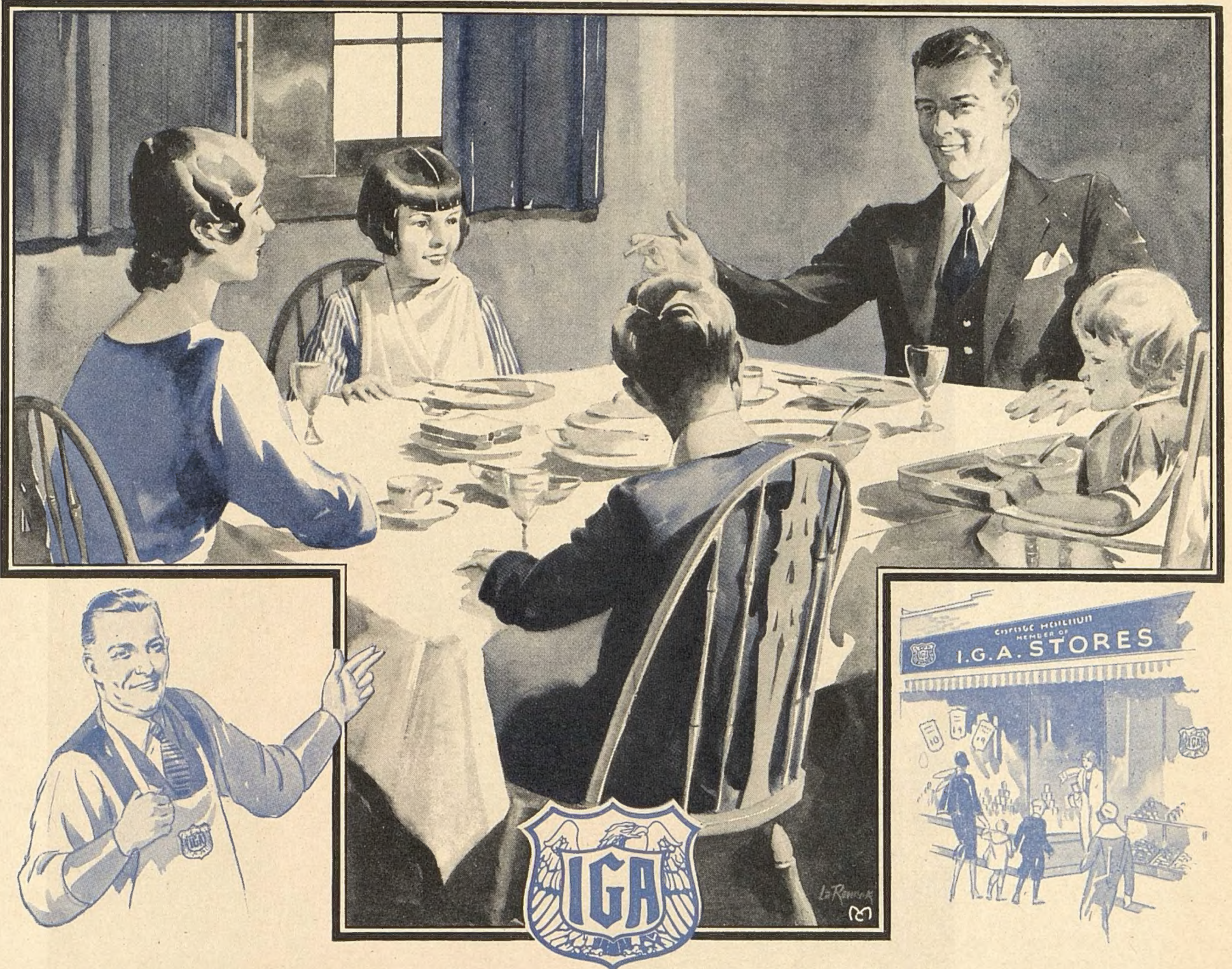
ALE	SOAR	LEAD	CHI
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PAR	APERS	TAR	SEN
AR	ACORN	SEPAL	NO
STENTOR	SEDIMENTS		
ATIK	TEN	DEVI	
BORIC	SHADE	SITES	
AWN	ALOER	ERSE	EVA
YES	LAWN	REES	RED

Answer to the puzzle
on page 56

AWES	MATIN	GAPS
PERI	OXIDE	ABEL
EREMITE	YELL	SO
DECODE	ALDA	ATT
TOE	BELYING	
EDEN	WOOS	COOPS
GID	FERN	TINGLE
EN	LOAN	MAZE
AN	SENIOR	RIME
ENS	TRIAL	FORE
BATE	TRIPODS	ERR
WAS	SIRE	LIANAS
OM	SHEM	PERVERT
RIOT	RALES	ESNE
EDDY	STINT	STOW

Answer to the puzzle
on page 57

"That was a *Real Meal*, Mother!"



"I'm glad you enjoyed it, Dad—for I'm not only getting better foods now but I'm saving money too!"

"I'm trading at Smith's I.G.A. store now. He takes such a real interest in seeing that I get wholesome, fresh foods—at low prices too. 'And you should see his store, Dad! It's a pleasure to shop there. I walk through spotlessly clean aisles—select anything and everything I want from open shelves—as leisurely or as quickly as I choose. Every item is plainly priced—so I know exactly what I'm saving!' 'I'm glad to hear that Mother. For the I.G.A.

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